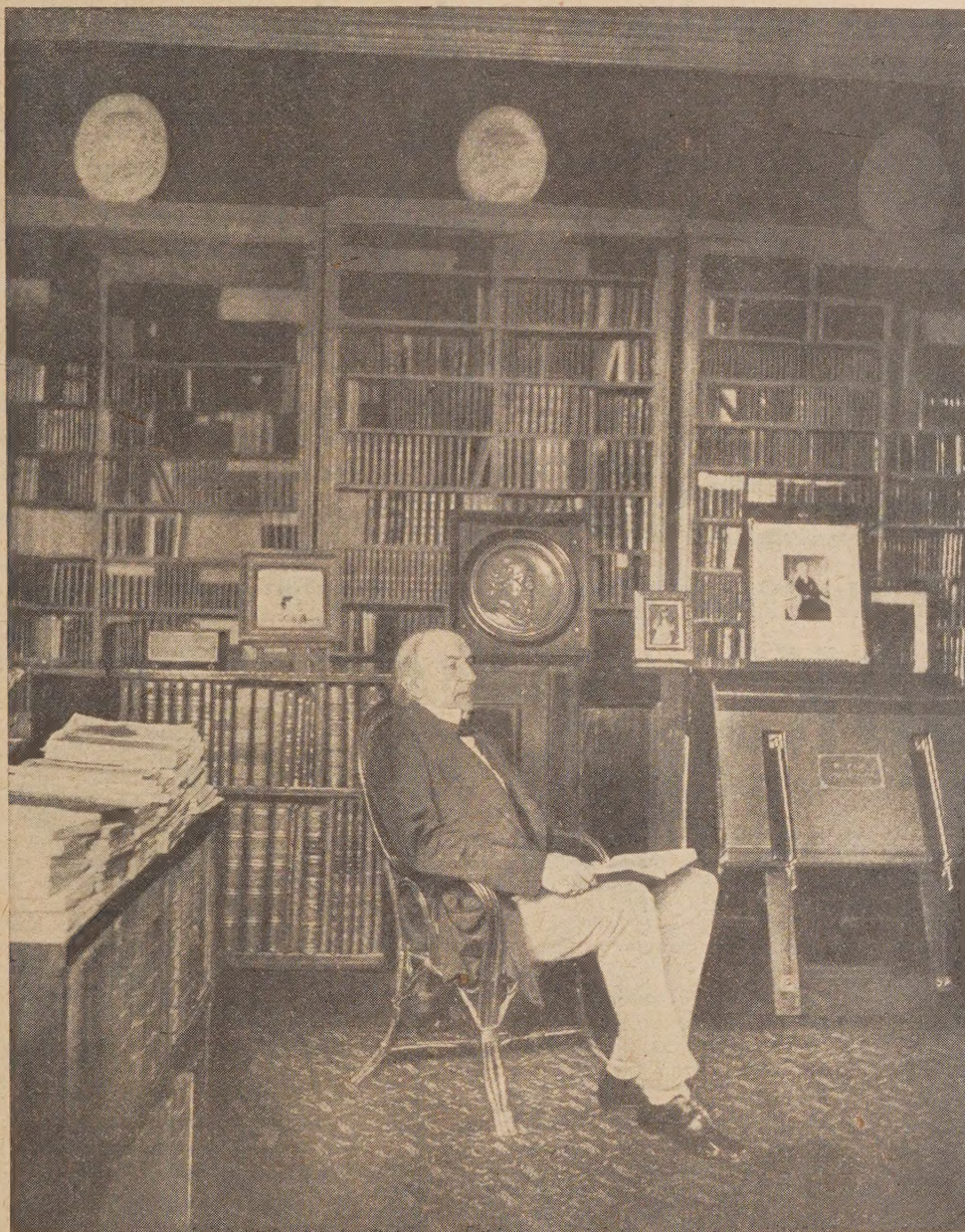


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Gladstone in his study at Hawarden in 1884 (see A. Tilney Bassett on 'Gleanings from Gladstone's Papers', page 53).

In this number:

British Foreign Policy: the Situation Today (Noel Annan)

Problems of a European Army (Donald McLachlan)

On the Disappearance of Colonels (Osbert Lancaster)

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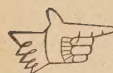
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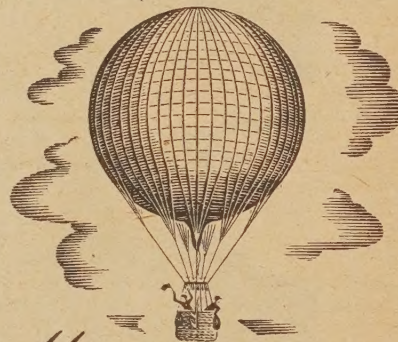
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The Listener

Vol. XLVII. No. 1193

Thursday January 10 1952

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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British Foreign Policy: the Situation Today*

By NOEL ANNAN

WHEN I think about foreign policy, I find that I have to put aside many of the customary assumptions made about the nature of diplomacy because they are fallacious. The first of these fallacies is that the object of foreign policy is primarily to preserve peace. This seems to me as untrue as its opposite which was current among German realists before 1914: namely, that diplomacy is merely the means of carrying on the eternal struggle between nations which is pursued by war when diplomacy fails. To argue that because another war means the end of civilisation (which incidentally was said before 1939), to argue that all diplomatic action must be judged by the degree to which it will make the world more or less peaceful next week, produces not a sane but a confused foreign policy. Such a state of mind produced Munich and corrupted—and indeed to some extent still corrupts—France. Vital as peace is, I suspect all arguments in favour of a course of action on the simple grounds of: 'This will mean peace'. It may indeed mean peace next week, and war next year; or it may produce such inconsistencies of diplomatic conduct that our allies will distrust us and we ourselves in the end are left ignorant of what we are prepared to fight for.

The object of foreign policy is only secondarily to preserve peace. Primarily it is to preserve our nation's independence and its influence abroad: independence so that it may not be overborne by its enemies or overburdened with duties towards its allies; influence so that we may preserve our way of life, our culture, our standard of living, and maintain some control over our destiny. Carteret maintained that it was the duty of an English statesman to 'knock the heads of the kings of Europe together and jumble something out that may be of service to this country'. International agreements and our own power position set certain limits today to our ability to knock heads together. But when all international obligations have been recognised and our duty to preserve peace acknowledged—which is only common sense to a nation such as our own with its high standard of living—jumbling something

out of service to this country is the first duty of the diplomat. Every act of altruism or idealism has to be judged in relation to this aim.

So the first fallacy is the peace fallacy, and the second is often made by those who have discovered the first. This is that moral issues should have no part in determining our attitude to foreign affairs. If only we would return to the good old days of the eighteenth century and judge matters solely in terms of power interests, we could remove the greatest barrier to the peaceful settlement of world affairs. There is much sense in this attitude. It has been argued recently with great effect and good reason by Mr. George Kennan to his countrymen, who suffer from the predilection to turn every foreign issue in America into a moral crusade against Russia. This attitude recognises that diplomacy is an attempt to regulate by negotiation the shifting relationships between countries which alter as their power alters: and that it is not primarily concerned with making the world safe for democracy or self-determination or leading a crusade against evil. It is true that public diplomacy turns relatively minor issues into questions of prestige. In the United Nations the statesmen address their constituents or play to the gallery of world opinion instead of negotiating. And some problems, such as the establishment of the State of Israel, defy the kind of simple moral analysis dear to the hearts of the English.

Nevertheless, you cannot eliminate moral issues from politics and I distrust people who try to do so. Britain traditionally goes to war for two reasons: when a country tries to establish itself as the single great power in Europe (in other words, from self-interest), and when that country does not respect our conception of international morality and breaks treaties (that is, for a moral reason). To fight a war, democracies have to feel that it is a just war—and it is untrue, as political realists observe, that it is easy to whip up moral indignation because Anglo-Saxons enjoy that feeling so much: it took Munich and the fall of Czechoslovakia to persuade the majority of Britons to fight Hitler.

Historians are right to tell us that in retrospect wars are never as just

* The first of four talks by different speakers on British foreign policy

as they seemed at the time; but though we are going to be part of history, we are not yet of it, and to think historically about the present is often as debilitating as to think in contemporary terms about the past. To care about moral issues in foreign policy may even enable you to see your opponent's case: it can lead sometimes to peaceful and durable settlements because both sides acknowledge that there are other considerations than those of power. And with regard to Russia, it is naive to suggest that we can negotiate on a straight power basis, when the Russians quite as much as the Western Powers delight in beating their moral drum.

The Fallacies of Doing Nothing—

Then there is another more subtle fallacy: namely, that there is no such thing as foreign policy. This is dear to the heart of the Foreign Office. According to this creed, foreign policy is merely dealing with situations as they arise in the light of one's experience. To formulate a policy in any detail is to tie one's hands and chain the nation to an ideology. It has always been a Foreign Office tenet not to give a general guarantee of a future course of action in a situation that has not yet arisen. This has in the past produced such confusion in the minds of our enemies that they have been pained and surprised when we declared war on them. It is the policy which Lord Salisbury characterised as 'floating lazily downstream, occasionally putting out a diplomatic boat-hook to avoid collision'.

We are today more committed within the framework of the United Nations than we have been in the past, but are those commitments based on a real understanding of the vital strategic interests for which we are prepared to fight? Is, for instance, the invasion of Yugoslavia by the Balkan satellites to be a *casus belli*? Have our military and diplomatic experts considered what we can afford to defend with the resources at our disposal? This is particularly relevant to the Middle East, where, it seems to me, we show no signs of re-thinking our policy; where our troops are few and our friends are fewer—for it is a delusion to imagine there are numbers of 'good' Persians and Egyptians willing to form a government friendly to our interests had they but the chance. Lack of prescience lost us the Persian oilfields. The situation in the Middle East demands that we consider what our vital interests are, how and whether we are able to retain them, and what we can do to forestall further hostile developments.

It is sometimes urged that we should no longer tacitly support the present governments of extorting landlords—that we should encourage land reform and raise living standards as the only safeguard against nationalist movements which will probably turn communist. This sounds well, but it would be easier if our diplomats were colonial governors and if there were reforming parties led by able men which could work through honest and extensive bureaucracies. It would be unwise to fall into the error made by some people in Greece in 1945 and imagine that strong centre parties exist where in fact they do not. I see no light in this situation because it presents an insoluble dilemma: on the one hand ourselves determined to maintain our strategic and economic interests without perhaps being fully clear which are vital and whether we have sufficient resources; on the other hand nationalists who believe it possible to live 'free from foreign intervention' and who may become a prey to communism. Such a situation demands qualities of foresight on the part of our diplomats probably beyond the power of man.

Two principles suggest themselves—though they are easier to enumerate than to follow. First, negotiate with magnanimity where possible—and in Egypt it is not at present possible. If we are able again to negotiate in Persia it is no good jobbing back to the Stokes plan. Secondly, let us remember that there is a power factor to hand which we ought not to neglect: the State of Israel. Owing to the circumstances of her birth which were so unpleasant for us, she has been neglected, but she remains a counter of which we can make use. If our resources are insufficient to maintain an order satisfactory to us, then we must find an ally.

—of Assuming Harmony of Interests

Another fallacy, which was exposed ten years ago by Mr. E. H. Carr but which still haunts us today, is the assumption of harmony of interests. The project of European union assumes that, faced by a common danger, the European countries, including our own, should federate. As a Romantic I incline to this view; I feel myself more to be part of European than American culture, and if European civilisation were overwhelmed, much of what I value in the world would be

extinguished. But I do not incline to this view on other grounds. For it assumes that the menace of Russia is so compelling that all differences between western-European countries have been reduced to the size of pygmies and that a harmony of interests has really been established. This seems to me not to be true, and no blueprint of supranational authorities or conferences at Strasbourg can hide the resonant clash of interests.

Our own foreign policy has traditionally recognised this pull towards and away from Europe. We have often intervened in Europe, to free Greece, to uphold the Ottoman Empire, to support the Balkan States, to use our influence in Poland, Hungary, and Spain. But the interventionist party has never been as strong as the isolationist party. For the British, partly from natural xenophobia and partly in their political wisdom, do not believe in Europe. As Lord Derby said: 'One can trust none of these governments'. The Foreign Office memorandum of 1930 on Briand's proposals for European union is a masterly justification of glacially polite inactivity, and might have been written today. Our interests are not in harmony with those of European countries. It is not in our interests to commit our army to foreign command which might leave us defenceless in time of catastrophe, unable to conduct a Dunkirk operation or fight a Battle of Britain: nor is it to reduce our standard of living by merging our economy with that of Europe; nor to finance other countries' deficits by the extraordinary British custom of paying taxes. European union will come, if at all, through such agencies as N.A.T.O. or O.E.E.C., through material circumstances forcing countries to pool resources, not through a conscious act of will by statesmen which may be repudiated by their people. European union is a noble aspiration and in some ways a desirable end: but such great changes take place either very gradually through necessity and through unconscious agencies or through imposition by a conquering power.

—of Making Foreign Policy a Crusade

But, of course, the argument for federating Europe is primarily military and rests on the belief that Russia cannot be resisted unless a European army backed by an integrated European economy is formed. This in itself is not fallacious. But in American minds it partakes of the fallacy of making foreign policy a crusade. And it is this attitude of mind to which moderate people in this country take exception when they criticise the United States. According to this notion communist Russia and China are locked in mortal struggle with the western world for nothing less than dominion of the earth. Russia can never be trusted because communists make agreements only to delude their opponents: however conciliatory a move Russia made, it would be merely a tactical retreat the better to advance. No negotiation is therefore possible with her until we have forty divisions in Europe and show our military strength from the Middle East to the Sea of Japan. This presupposes a limitless cold war and the rearming of Germany.

The disadvantages of this policy are enormous. The strain of rearmament is depressing Europe's standard of living, accentuating inflation, and forcing the price of raw materials to rise. At present the Ruhr is forbidden to produce arms, and hence the Germans will be able to seize our markets while our own industry is engaged in armaments production. Some people also fear that a German army will probably emerge in the end as a national unit and may then become the tool of nationalist politicians who will not scruple to try to regain the lost German territories. Such speculations impress me less than the fact that this foreign policy is based on the supposition that Russia will be more ready to negotiate when the west is armed. But when will that be? And surely a display of forty divisions will not cow her into submission? And to what demands is she to be expected to submit? And if the Social Democrat Party comes to power in Germany and refuses to allow Germans to form part of a European army, what then?

Those who dislike this policy declare that to rearm Germany will be to convince Russia that the west one day intends to attack. Why not therefore strike a bargain? Guarantee the Oder-Neisse line and permanent German disarmament in return for free elections in a Germany no longer occupied by Russian or Allied troops. These elections will almost certainly result in an anti-communist vote, and all Germany will pass to the western orbit. And they say there are signs that Russia would strike this bargain. Moreover, it will lead to trade with the Iron Curtain countries which is vital for western-European economy, and trade spells peace. To this the Americans sensibly object that they see no reason why through such trade they should help to rearm and finance Russia's satellites; and that the notion that trade promotes peace is out-of-date

(continued on page 58)

French Taxpayers and Europe's Defence

By PIERRE FRÉDÉRIX

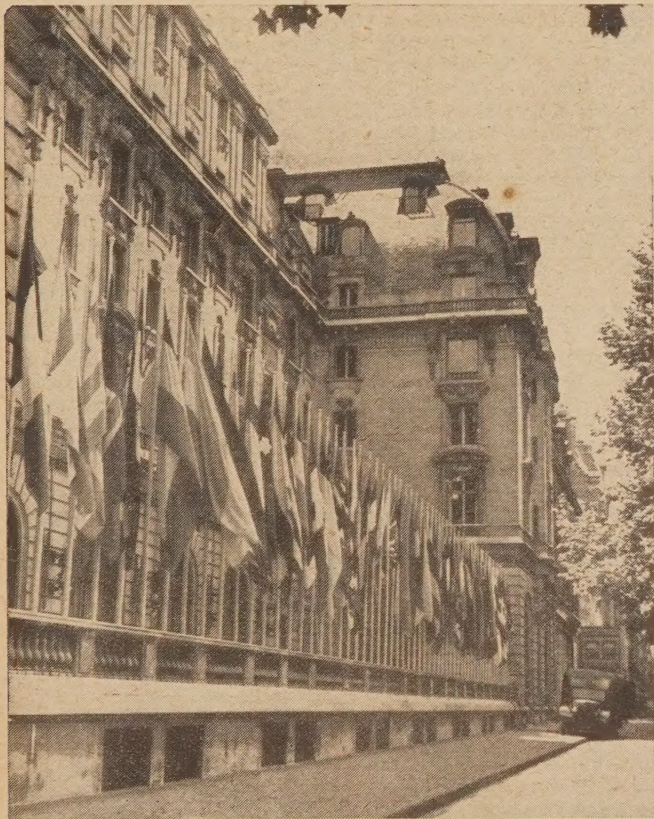
IT must have been bad news for the French children when Cardinal Saliege, Archbishop of Toulouse, the other day wrote in a letter to his diocese: 'Santa Claus is just a clever invention to take away the religious character of Christmas, he does not exist, and has never existed'. Whether there were less children to plague their parents to see all the Santa Clauses in the windows of

on all estates left in direct line, whatever the amount. This project may be intended to counterbalance the effects that the successive devaluations of the franc have had on most family fortunes. To the bulk of the French taxpayers, anyhow, the prospect of a substantial cut in estate duties appears little short of a miracle. This, of course, is a purely internal affair, a matter which is relatively easy to settle, as it concerns only a very small fraction of the state's returns. The prospect is altogether different when we come to the main issues, which are those of war and peace, of re-equipment and rearmament.

According to the latest figures published by the Wiseman Committee, Great Britain and France, for their contribution to common defence, rank second among the nations of the Atlantic Pact. In 1952 they will both be spending about thirteen per cent. of their national income for military purposes, which is proportionately less than the United States, but distinctly more than any other western state. What these expenses actually mean is hard to realise. Let us take a familiar example. Thousands of Parisians know the big building in the Avenue Kleber, which is the permanent seat of Unesco. They sometimes wonder whether the work which is being done there by a few hundred officials is worth the money it costs. As a matter of fact, the international budget of Unesco yearly amounts to less than the cost of two long-range bombers of the latest type. Three hundred Unescos would not be enough, if France alone had to keep them going, to eat up the French military budget for 1952.

The choice which the French people are asked to make is, of course, not between international education and an army; nor even between butter and guns. It is a more complicated one. For the past two years, the French have been told that they could not have a strong army in Indo-China and a strong army on their own territory, that every billion francs spent on armaments is subtracted from housing and equipment, which are necessities of life, and not from butter. All this is true, arithmetically true. The Government naturally has to decide between conflicting demands: it divides, to the best of its judgment, resources which are far from being unlimited. But any decision is bound to dissatisfy a part of the nation, for the very simple reason that the task is too big.

To the man in the street, it seems that mountains of money are begetting divisions of regiments, which look like molehills. It is not only the hugeness of the figures involved which bewilders the common Frenchman, it is also the enormous scope of his obligations or commitments, the fact that it is practically impossible to get rid of some of these commitments, or to meet them without external help. The



Two burdens on the French taxpayer: Unesco, whose headquarters in Paris (above) houses hundreds of officials; and (right) the war in Indo-China, where French troops are fighting against the rebels

the big stores, I doubt very much. But the parents have already known for a long time that the bearded old saint, with his basket full of presents, is only a joyful symbol. They know very well in France, as anywhere else, that there will be no presents for which they will not have to pay by hard work. They wonder what this coming year has in store for them.

More taxes, of course, this is the usual outcome of the end-of-the-year parliamentary debate on the budget. Still, something very exceptional has happened in the last few weeks. All political parties in the Chamber of Deputies agreed that estate duties, at their present rate, are more of a burden towards families than a boon to the state. The Government came out with a Bill, exempting from taxation, up to about £5,000, inheritances in direct line, or between husband and wife. The Final Committee of the Chamber went further, it recommended by a small majority to cancel the duties



Frenchman would like to get out of Indo-China, and he does not see clearly how he can. He feels more and more overwhelmed by tremendous forces, which he has not the power to control, entangled in old problems, which the last war has made only more acute. He realises clearly the utter futility of isolationism, but if a single wish could sum up most of his wishes he would ask, very likely, to become master of his own fate.

There is, however, a part of the international field where France has again taken the lead. The approval of the Schuman Plan last month, by a substantial majority in the Chamber of Deputies, was no doubt a significant event. The more so that the decision had remained doubtful up to the last moment. If the Plan passes through the parliament of western Germany, the remaining continental partners will most probably join soon after. What the working of the Schuman Plan will be is still open to discussion. It may favour the French steel industry and the Lorraine basin; it may, at the same time, place the French coal mines, which produce at a higher cost than the German, in a difficult position. It may also result in a deadlock, or in the endless prolongation of the five-year period after which all customs duties on coal and steel should be abolished. This is all very difficult to foresee, as so many factors are involved. Why then, was the Plan approved? Because the majority of deputies thought it better to run the risks of action than to accept those of immobility.

The same applies to the scheme for the European Army, also a French initiative. This scheme was proposed by M. Plevin, a little more than a year ago, as a way out of a tricky situation. The Americans were pressing for German rearmament, the French were generally opposed to it. Would it not be better to have German troops included in a common army, instead of an independent Wehrmacht? There again, as with the Schuman Plan, something rather queer happened. Most of the objections came from the technicians—in this case, the military circles—while the support was given by people who saw the main interest of the scheme in its political implications. Even the Gaullist Party—the R.P.F.—which at the present juncture still opposes the European Army as it opposed the Schuman Plan, claims that it would be acceptable if it came after the creation of a European Federation and not before.

When Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden made their recent short visit to Paris they confirmed the British pledge to associate with, but not to participate in, the plans. Some French people who remember that Mr. Churchill was the first statesman to suggest the creation of a European Army in Strasbourg were a little disappointed by his reserve. But there was no angry talk about Great Britain's 'splendid isolation', nor was there even real surprise. The British position is very well known in France; French commentators themselves have explained to us a thousand times that Great Britain has to consider first its special links with the Commonwealth. What do the French think of these explanations?

We have no commonwealth, but France is part of a French Union which also plays a very important part in the political life and in the external trade of our country. The Monnet Plan for the re-equipment of France covers French Africa: it is a French Union plan. The Schuman Plan, which of course includes France, does not cover French Africa: it is a European plan. The European Army, if it is ever created, will indeed subordinate a part of our national forces to a European command. But it will leave under French command those of the forces which are intended for our metropolitan or overseas territories—not speaking of the Vietnam national army, which is building up its own Vietnamese command. Thus, the French did not find it a major difficulty to accommodate European schemes with French Union schemes. And they sometimes feel puzzled by the Commonwealth argument.

Perhaps the main difference between French and British attitudes lies deeper. The British, as we see them, still do not wish to give up a part of their national sovereignty to any supra-national authority. The French also hesitate. But the majority of them are now inclined to admit that full national sovereignties have become more and more out of date on a continent divided into so many small countries with frontiers of no military value. If the scales are finally turned in favour of a European Federation it will be because the supra-national idea, which to many Britons appears as the principal drawback, is precisely the one which appeals to many French or other continental leaders.

Suppose we ask twenty Frenchmen to explain what the Strasbourg Assembly is, or what the structure of the Schuman and Plevin Plans should be, probably nineteen out of the twenty will reply that it is a technical problem which passes over their heads. But quite a number of the same people will add, I imagine, that they approve of the idea in general, and that we should go ahead. The Strasbourg organisation has as yet no effective power, it is a promise of something which has still to be achieved. It is in this light, I think, that the Schuman and the Plevin Plans should be considered. A common authority in a limited economic and military field may be a step towards that unity of political action which millions of Frenchmen desire, even if they are not clearly conscious of it.

A second Monnet Plan, covering the four-year period 1952-56, is intended to prepare for the integration of French economy within a European community, directed by supra-national institutions. Nothing of the kind has been attempted before. We are still a long way from adequacy in the organisation of western Europe and of the Atlantic system. For the French people, this coming year will be full of conflicts between urgent economic, or social, requirements and military demands. Whether French production can be increased by twenty-five per cent. in 1952, as some experts maintain, is perhaps a question which we should leave to Santa Claus to answer next December.

—Third Programme

Problems of a European Army

By DONALD McLACHLAN

ACROSS the Channel this question of a European army is the subject of daily talk and argument. It worries statesmen, civil servants, generals, and ordinary men and women. In fact, it is a burning question, and the way it is solved will be most important for the future of Europe—and for our own peace. Indeed, I am sure of two things about the British attitude: either the attempt to create this single European army will succeed and we shall find Germans tied up with their neighbours into a strong and friendly army of 500,000 men; or this attempt will fail; and we shall face an ugly question: Do we or do we not invite the western Germans to raise twelve divisions of their own, 150,000 soldiers controlled by the German Government and directed by a German general staff; by a national instead of a European general staff?

Mr. Churchill's Government, like Mr. Attlee's, declares it is British policy to support the European army's formation but to take no part in it when formed. So our friends on the Continent, our allies in the far-ranging Atlantic defence organisation of N.A.T.O., are largely left

to themselves to work out a narrower European defence organisation. This they regard not merely as a matter of throwing six armies into one; they regard it as the chance of a lifetime to form a European defence community, a political, military, financial association with a common loyalty. This is what Ministers from France, western Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg have been discussing in Paris, and what they will meet to discuss again later this month. They are in a hurry for three good reasons. First because on February 2 they have to tell the Atlantic Pact Powers—their allies outside Europe—what their plans are. The Lisbon conference will consider how the European army fits into General Eisenhower's plans as Supreme Commander. Secondly, because General Eisenhower may be leaving his headquarters next month to become a candidate in the American presidential elections; and he has been the most outspoken and vigorous supporter of their ideas. Thirdly, because the Germans want to move from the status of an occupied power to that of an almost independent republic as quickly as possible; and that change is bound up with

the contribution they will make to their own and Europe's defence. So what might in normal times take a generation to plan and build and try out is being pushed ahead with all speed. If it were a purely military plan it would not matter; but it is also a most ambitious and revolutionary political plan.

Here I should point out briefly what this plan is not. First: the European army does not yet exist. No German divisions exist because the Germans have not been formally invited, nor have they agreed to rearm. There are French, Belgian, Dutch, Italian and Luxembourg forces under General Eisenhower's command in N.A.T.O.; but they are trained, paid for, recruited and controlled by their own governments. A European army will exist only when they are under a common European authority accepted by national governments. Secondly, this plan concerns only the western three-quarters of the German people, the French, Italians, Belgians, Dutch and Luxembourgers—some 150,000,000 in all. Thirdly, remember that the plan is not yet complete and agreed.

I can best explain what the aims of the European defence plan are by recalling how it came into existence. It dates back to the day in September, 1950, when Mr. Bevin and the American and French Foreign Ministers realised that military plans for the defence of western Europe could not be carried out without the help of the Germans—the Germans to whom they were planning to restore independence. If the Germans played no part, then an immense, an impossible burden would fall on the Americans, British and French. When it was clear that the Americans were keenly interested in, and the British resigned to, the eventual rearmament of the Germans, the present Prime Minister of France, M. Pleven, produced the Plan we are considering.

The Pleven Plan has been chopped and changed a lot since September 1950, but the basic idea has survived: an army of 550,000 in some forty divisions. Each division would be national; three national divisions would form an international corps. A French division would be commanded by a French general; a corps of Italian, French, and German divisions would be commanded by a German—for these purposes a European commander.

Debate over Details

But it is when you come to the defence community that the difficulties begin. It is over the details of this political pyramid, over the finance, over the authority to be exercised, that the debate is now going on. I cannot cover all the vital points in the debate, but let me single out one. The government of one smaller country sees that, when it comes down to brass tacks, this Plan means surrendering control of defence policy to a group of six in which you are only one small voice. To accept this might mean defeat in parliament and losing an election to political opponents. The electors are not ready, it is argued, for such a revolutionary surrender of authority. So, it is urged, let us go slowly. Let us start with the least possible political institutions and experiment with national armies working together. Meanwhile each government keeps control of its defence budget, of its troops, of its foreign policy in Europe. In short, make haste slowly.

But the two leading Governments—the French under M. Pleven and the west German under Dr. Adenauer—say No. Such a revolution must be bold, sudden, drastic. Otherwise opposition will have time to organise itself; in both countries powerful bodies of opinion on the right and the left oppose the whole idea bitterly. Millions of Germans want Germany united before they will think of partnership with the west; millions of Germans do not want to rearm, or distrust the intentions of the French. Millions of Frenchmen are being told by communist and right-wing politicians that their army and independence will come under German domination. Therefore, say M. Pleven and Dr. Adenauer, go the whole hog now. For if you go all out now for unity on defence you will be more than half way to European unity, which millions of people support so long as they are not aware of all the detailed consequences.

How well we know this dilemma from history: the enthusiasts going for the whole vision, reaching after the impracticable; the realists wanting to move slowly, seeing disaster in the details. In fact there has had to be a compromise. The defence community is to be formed in three stages. First there will be a treaty in which the six governments agree to form a defence community. During this preparatory stage they will start working out a common supply system, common training, and common organisation for the six armies. But national governments will keep control of national armies and national parliaments will vote the

money asked for by governments. Before 1954 the Plan gets into its second stage. Then defence estimates are prepared by a European commission and approved by a European council of ministers; but parliaments still vote the money and control the budget. In the third stage, say three to seven years hence, there is to be a European defence authority that answers to a directly elected European Assembly. In fact a federal union for defence in which, if present ideas prevail, there will be a common budget and all defence matters will be controlled by a European commission and council.

No Damage to National Interests

Let me make it clear that it is not certain all this will happen. The French, and still more the Germans, may refuse to ratify this Treaty and Plan in their parliaments. And M. Pleven, Dr. Adenauer and the other ministers concerned will have to satisfy their peoples that this Plan does not damage vital national interests. I will suggest briefly how they may do this. For the French it means two things: first, a way of solving the German problem by partnership with democratic Germany. If you control the German army, they say, you control the most dangerous enemy of German freedom and decency—the military tradition which will not accept the civilian authority of parliament, and which would support an aggressive foreign policy. Second, this is for the French a way of preventing a German-Russian alliance that could dominate the Continent. For the Italians the Plan means a return to importance in the councils of Europe and the provision of defence more cheaply than they could afford alone. For the Belgians and Dutch, too, it means a helpful sharing of defence burdens and the end of the Franco-German rivalry which has devastated Europe from the Rhine to the Channel for centuries. For the Germans, what does it mean? It is hard to say. For a handful of genuine westerners like Dr. Adenauer it means the partnership of their frail democracy with what is best in Europe, and a way of guarding it against militarists and nationalists. It also means for them and a larger public a chance to resume importance and respectability in Europe. For some young Germans it might provide the new ideal of united Europe; they believe in little else. But for the ordinary German who favours the idea, it means at best security against the east at a reasonable cost. One can say no more than that.

Will the European army really be formed? I find it impossible to say. The military experts have worked well together on the details and agree. The prime ministers, too, agree basically in spite of their arguments over details and timing. The finance ministers are still arguing about how to pay and how much; their disagreements must be settled before the Lisbon meeting of N.A.T.O. But what about the parliaments and the peoples? The French Assembly has approved the Schuman Plan for a European pool of heavy industry; and I think the German parliament will approve it too. This fact may just turn the scales in favour of this Pleven defence Plan.

But one cannot be certain; because it affects every male European of military age and I cannot judge how ready he is to substitute loyalty to Europe for patriotism. I have heard one distinguished officer say that a European soldier would be a man without morale, wearing a non-descript uniform, saluting a strange flag, a mercenary and not a patriot. But I have heard a distinguished European writer say that national pride as a source of military morale is finished in Europe—killed by defeat and occupation. Something new is needed: the sense of Europe as a community strong and confident enough to take equal place with the American and Russian giants. Each in his way is right: because a European loyalty is needed but has not yet been put to the test. Until national divisions actually work together as Europeans, it will be impossible to say whether this new experiment will fail or will lead on to the bigger achievement of a European defence community.

—Home Service

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume XLVI can be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Science in its Setting

IN writing of education, and particularly of university education, we have referred more than once in this column to the dangers of specialisation. In the realm of science these dangers are for obvious reasons more acute, and may in the result be more baleful, than in other fields of learning. It may also be questioned whether a student who has spent his years at the university doing nothing but specialise in some narrow scientific field can claim to be educated in any real sense of the word. In all this the fault lies not with the student but with the system—a system that so delimits the area of study that questions relating to the history, social context, philosophy, or indeed purpose of what is being studied are regarded as fruitless and irrelevant. Correctives to this deplorable state of affairs are, we know, being tried here and there, and it is all to the good that among those who see the need for such attempts and are in fact encouraging them are to be found leading men in the world of science.

A cogent declaration on this subject appears in four recently published lectures* by Professor Erwin Schrödinger. The particular theme of these lectures is the present situation in physics as it has gradually developed in the present century. But in order to place the subject in its setting Professor Schrödinger starts with some observations on the spiritual bearing of science on life. Recalling Ortega y Gasset's picture of the specialised scientist 'as the typical representative of the brute ignorant rabble—the *hombre masa*—who endanger the survival of true civilisation', he offers reassurances. 'Awareness that specialisation is not a virtue but an unavoidable evil', says Professor Schrödinger, 'is gaining ground, the awareness that all specialised research has real value only in the context of the integrated totality of knowledge'—a realisation, in other words, that the scope, aims, and value of natural science, as of any other branch of human learning, is meaningful only in so far as, in its synthesis with all the rest of knowledge, it contributes something towards answering the problem of self-knowledge, the great query mark of who and what we are.

These assurances are certainly encouraging. But much remains to be done. The Commission for University Reform in Germany recommended that each lecturer in a technical university should possess the ability to see the limits of his subject matter, should make his students aware of these limits, and should show them that beyond these limits forces come into play which are no longer entirely rational, but arise out of life and human society itself; furthermore, the lecturer should show in every subject the way that leads beyond its own narrow confines to broader horizons of its own. Why, asks Professor Schrödinger, should these demands be restricted to the teachers at technical universities in Germany? 'I believe', he says, 'they apply to any teacher at any university, nay, at any school in the world'. These surely are wise words. It is true that in an age of scientific specialisation the difficulties in the way of implementing this advice are great. Moreover, as Dr. Bronowski observes in his 'Letter to Posterity' which we reproduce this week, living in a revolution is never easy and 'this revolution of science may be the most difficult the human race has to live through'. But if science is to lay any claim whatever to forming the basis of a liberal education these difficulties must be overcome. Is it too much to hope that all teachers and particularly teachers of science at our universities will take this question to heart and that those—the majority, one fears—who are not already helping to correct the balance will speedily join the ranks of those who are?

* *Science and Humanism*. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

MR. CHURCHILL'S VISIT to Washington and Stalin's New Year message to the Japanese people were the main subjects for comment last week. From the United States editorial comment of various political colours welcomed Mr. Churchill's visit. The Scripps-Howard press was quoted as saying:

Britain is our most dependable ally, particularly a Britain under the leadership of Winston Churchill.

The *Washington Post* was quoted as emphasising that Britain and America were already agreed on their overriding policy—to prevent further Soviet expansion; so no dramatic results should be expected from Mr. Churchill's visit. However, within the framework of the generally agreed policy there were several differences to be resolved—particularly in regard to Communist China. The *New York Herald Tribune* considered that Mr. Churchill's major aim in his talks with President Truman would be to 're-establish Great Britain, despite her present impoverishment, as one of the major powers of the world'. And the newspaper went on:

The foundation, which Mr. Churchill has never lost sight of, must be a revival of the war-time alliance with the United States, with as much of the old unity of purpose and equality in decision and interdependence of effort, as may be possible. A second necessity is securing American acceptance of the thesis that the organisation of the non-communist world should rest upon the triple base of the United States, the Commonwealth and Western Europe, rather than the double base of the United States and everyone else lumped together. Americans may look with some doubt upon such an enterprise. Yet if we need Britain as a partner—which we unquestionably do—it would be better to have her as a strong partner.

From the other end of the world, the *Times of India* was quoted for the following comment:

On certain aspects of the Chinese and Korean problems, the Labour Government was content to pursue its own policy without attempting to bridge the gap separating it from the United States. Mr. Churchill plainly desires to change this state of affairs and to stress the interdependence of the two countries. American prejudice as well as European lassitude are major obstacles, but if there is a western statesman with the vision and determination to forge a common front in time to prevent another world conflict it is certainly Churchill.

From the communist world, commentators inevitably stressed British-American differences. Warsaw radio alleged that Churchill's desire for a return to the old war-time co-operation between Britain and the United States found no favour with the British, while Budapest radio claimed that Churchill would appear in the White House 'both as petitioner and blackmailer'.

Stalin's New Year message to the Japanese people—with its expression of sympathy for them 'under foreign occupation'—was given the maximum publicity in Soviet home and foreign broadcasts; it was also acclaimed by the Chinese and satellite radios. The Soviet home public were told that 'all progressive mankind' had welcomed the message; and that, despite the Japanese-American security pact which sought to propel the Japanese people into an aggressive war, the democratic forces in Japan would win the struggle for independence. A typical satellite comment came from the Polish radio, quoting *Trybuna Ludu*:

Stalin's words are of extraordinary importance to the Japanese people and all other nations, for they were uttered by the leader of the State which from the very first moment of its existence has been propagating solidarity and support for all nations fighting for freedom.

Broadcasts from other satellite countries also, likewise living under subjugation to Moscow, did not find it ironical to make the same point. Belgrade radio saw the significance of the message in another light:

Why is there this bid for Japan's friendship? In recent years the actions of the Soviet Government has stifled all feelings of friendship towards the Soviet Union, and brought the Japanese nearer to the United States and other western countries. The rulers in Moscow appreciate Japan's importance and consider the time ripe for action. They are therefore playing upon Japan's nationalism which is severely hurt by the continued stay of American troops in Japanese bases. Stalin stresses the fact that the Soviet people too have undergone an occupation. Nothing is said to the Japanese about the fact that Moscow has strongly contributed to the continued presence of foreign troops in Japan by her aggressive policy.

Did You Hear That?

FESTIVAL OF THE TRUFFLE

'BLACK TRUFFLES ARE A RARE and savoury fungus with an indescribable aromatic perfume, and in appearance they look rather like large, black Jerusalem artichokes', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, describing, in 'Radio Newsreel', a visit to Norcia, in the Sibilline Mountains of Italy, where they flourish. 'These truffles grow underground, and they must originally have been smelt out by the pigs, who devoured them to the great improvement of their eventual bacon. Nowadays, since the truffles have a very high value on the gastronomic market they are sought out by humans, but still with the aid of pigs specially employed to detect them. These poor animals have a frustrated look, as they are always pushed aside at the moment of discovery. There are also truffle hounds, who are trained to the same work. I met one—a small, mournful-looking, black collie. These dogs, I was told, will dig the truffles up without eating them, but the difficulty is to train them to dig carefully and not to damage the truffle with their impetuous scratching.

'The occasion of my visit to Norcia was the annual festival of the truffle, which was marked by an exhibition which would have inspired reverence in any gastronomic heart. The precious fungi were tastefully displayed in baskets, and they filled the whole building with their perfume. In the centre was a life-sized group of statuary done in clay by a local artisan. It showed the truffle hunter on his knees unearthing his quarry, while a small pig stood disconsolately looking on. And in adjoining rooms there were shrines dedicated to the many aspects of pork-butcherly. There were curtains made of strings of succulent sausages, festoons of home-cured hams, mountains of brawn and collar head, snowy drifts of lard, ramparts of salami, and battlements of bacon. Enthroned in the middle there was an entire pig, scalded and disembowelled, but still standing on his four trotters, with a lemon held coquettishly in his jaws.

'Against this setting, there were many fiery speeches, speeches which spoke slightly of the rival French truffles of Périgord or the heretical white truffles of North Italy; speeches which hailed the Norcian pig as the paragon of his race; and speeches which recalled that Norcia, home of pigs and black truffles, was also the birthplace of St. Benedict, the founder of the first European monasteries.

'And so to a far-from-monastic luncheon, a meal where delicate slivers of home-cured, smoked ham led on to spaghetti rich in black-truffle sauce; where this in turn preceded inch-thick steaks of pork loin, and sausages which would have caused a post-war British pork-butcher to burst into tears of envy and nostalgia.

CREATOR OF 'THE NEW YORKER'

'You by no means have to read *The New Yorker*, or ever have seen it, to have been affected profoundly by it, though by remote control', said ALISTAIR COOKE in 'Letter From America'. 'You know that somebody said that Ravel unconsciously influenced musical comedy songs and made it possible for delivery boys to whistle melodies far trickier than their fathers had whistled, so the revolution in taste and humour and journalistic writing wrought by *The New Yorker* was essentially the achievement of one man. He was the father and mother of the original *New Yorker* and the frantic midwife of every issue since, and he was the most unlikely candidate for any of these offices you can imagine. His recent sudden death makes us remember what he did to us, and what

he did for us. His name was Harold Ross. The first issue of *The New Yorker* showed on its cover a drawing, a profile of an early-Regency dandy in high hat and felt cravat peering through a lorgnette. This symbol, which *The New Yorker* printed on every subsequent anniversary issue, is about as far removed from the profile and character of Harold Ross as Beau Brummel was from Dracula.

'Ross was born in the mountain village of Aspen, Colorado, which is 1,800 miles and several civilisations removed from New York City.

He left home at eighteen, rail-roaded all over the West, was a sort of gawky, bad-tempered imitation of the young Mark Twain, working on all sorts of newspapers, getting the nickname of "Hobo Ross", because he dressed in seedy, outlandish clothes, and was always fed up with his job and his surroundings. In the first world war he edited the American Army paper, *Stars and Stripes*, but it was just another angry chore in a farm-boy's wandering life. He got back in 1919 and edited the American Legion magazine, wrote gruesome pieces called "Where is the Army?", and then he edited a famous humorous weekly. It was this assignment that set up the itch in him to start an American humorous weekly that could even begin to compete with the best of England and Germany. He had got to know some of the more urbane and talented writers of the young and promising crop then coming up in New York; but this did him and his ambition no good at all.

He was so obviously the disgruntled

hick, the great big bad man from the Wild West that when he mentioned his idea of starting a humorous magazine that should epitomise New York, and be delicate, urbane, and witty, they all fell in a helpless heap of laughter, and wished him luck. But he found something rather more helpful—he found a rich man! The gentleman bit, and for three years after that learned to rue the day, for Ross started his magazine, but it took 270,000 dollars to get it out of the red. But its success was as perverse as its creator, for there came, you will remember, that dreadful October day in 1929, when, as *Variety* would say, Wall Street laid an egg, and stockbrokers started to paratroop without parachutes out of high office windows. Magazines were folding up as easily as fans, but with Ross it was the depression that brought his brain-child to fame.

'So here is a funny, rough, irascible character who made a success of a sophisticated magazine. What is so earth-shaking in that? I think the answer is: the force of the man's passion, and the odd choice of what he was passionate about, considering his background. His passion was a passion for clarity in writing, for the flowing sentence, for the civilised irony, questioning the big, resounding, sentimental American beliefs. He set a tradition which, so far as I know, is much too perfectionist, and too exhausting for other papers to follow, of taking anybody's manuscript—no matter how famous—and rewriting it from top to bottom. *The New Yorker* office, as it expanded, never lost, under Ross's inspiration, the air of an emergency operating theatre just behind the lines. When the copy was complete, and everybody sighed relief, Ross would seize a finished proof, and start to scribble in the margin. "Don't get it!", "Who dat?", "Think again", "Who he?" or the irrevocable verdict—"File and Forget". It is very quiet over at *The New Yorker* office these days. The emergency hospital is in mourning because this Wild Westerner, this plague, the menace, the irascible, but strangely beloved chief surgeon upped and died!

'It is hard to talk about the unique quality of a great magazine without



Hunting for truffles: the truffle collector puts the delicacies in her basket, and in the bag round her waist is sweet-corn to reward the 'frustrated' pig

rolling some of its excellence on the tongue, and I have quoted none of it. But let me say that in my opinion Ross did what John Dryden did in a grander way nearly 300 years ago—purged the written language of accumulations of fatty tissue, and set it free to run and dodge again’.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANTOMIME FAIRIES

‘It may come as a rude shock to you’, said ERIC KEOWN, in a Home Service talk, ‘to learn that the fairies you are seeing on the stage these holidays are as carefully licensed and as closely watched as if they were public houses or pawnbrokers’ shops. It does sound a little unromantic, doesn’t it? A pixie with a licence to ply: at first it sounds



Children rehearsing for a pantomime at a London theatre

like printing *Alice in Wonderland* in basic English. But really, there is no cause for alarm. It is all managed very decently and reasonably, by the L.C.C. in London and by local authorities in other parts of the country. This business of licensing children for the stage is strict but very fatherly, and it is a great improvement on the bad old days when even the very small were exploited just as ruthlessly in the theatre as they were up chimneys and down coal-mines.

‘The present regulations have sprung from the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act of 1889, which laid down that no child under seven should appear on the professional stage. It had to do this in the teeth of frenzied opposition from the wrong sort of manager, and also from the normal outcrop of fat-headed people, who thought England was getting soft because we did not want toddlers sitting up all night swigging gin with the leading lady. Since then things have been tightened up still more by the Children’s and Young Persons’ Act of 1933, until today the order stands that a child must be twelve before it can go on the boards, and must hold a licence up to the age of fifteen. And until the child is fifteen, four hours of ordinary lessons must somehow be absorbed every day during the school term. These lessons are given by special tutors, whose classes must be limited to twenty. Obviously a child intoxicated by its first whiff of the stage is not likely to be keen about the calculus, and the educational authorities are correspondingly sympathetic.

‘Every child who wants a licence is interviewed individually by a nice, official uncle, and must produce a school report and be vetted by a doctor. But the licence is only the beginning of a long chain of safeguards. The whole system is based on a queen-pin who is called a matron—a very responsible lady who, I imagine, must have nerves of steel and prodigious reserves of patience. This matron has to be a chaperon, a nannie, a mother, and a benevolent dragon, all wrapped up in one fairly resilient body. In her turn she must also be approved by the local authority. She is entirely responsible for the children in her charge—who must not number more than twelve—from their arrival at the theatre to their departure after the performance. And it is her job to see they are conducted to and from the theatre by some satisfactory adult. This means, of course, a tremendously full day. If it is term-time, the children must have done their four hours with their tutor; the matron keeps the score, and is

also responsible for the banking system by which one-third of each child’s earnings is put by in its name, not to be touched until it leaves school. In addition to all this, the matron is the go-between with the management on all questions affecting her children’s welfare. On tour—touring, by the way, is frowned on by the authorities in the case of younger children—her job grows tougher still. She travels with the children, sleeps in their lodgings, sees that they eat properly and do not stray.

‘Furthermore, there are regulations forbidding a child under fourteen to be taken abroad to act, and others dealing with physical fitness and, indeed, with every aspect of its stage life’.

AN INVASION OF ROBINS

‘I wonder if you have noticed more robins about than usual this winter?’, asked JOHN PARRINDER in a Home Service talk. ‘I ask this’, he continued, ‘because there was a tremendous invasion of many thousands of robins on the east coast in the autumn. These birds almost certainly came from Scandinavia. The Continental robin is a little paler on the back and rather yellower on the breast than our own familiar bird; but the differences are very slight. The immigration last autumn was on a much larger scale than has ever been seen before and, moreover, it seems to have occurred simultaneously, on the same day and at approximately the same time of day, all the way down the east coast from the Shetlands to north Norfolk.

‘I was lucky enough to be staying at a bird observatory, run by the Yorkshire Naturalists’ Union, when this remarkable invasion took place. They have large, wire-netting traps there where migrating birds can be caught on their way through this country. They are marked on one leg with a light aluminium ring, and then released to continue their journey.

‘On September 30, my friends and I saw only one robin and that was a resident bird in the garden of the local café. The next day there were thousands! We noticed them first along a hedge, a few hundred yards from the shore, which leads into the mouth of one of the traps. We were kept busy catching them for the rest of the day, and by night-fall more than 150 had been ringed and released. Many more must have

come in during the night, for the next morning the entire three-mile peninsula was alive with robins—the hedges were full of them and so was the sea-buckthorn and the marram grass on the dunes.

‘Everywhere we walked, even on the beach, robins got up at our feet, fluttered for a few yards, and then pitched down again. On the Continent robins are wild and skulking and keep away from man, quite unlike



An ‘invading’ robin flies off after being ringed at Spurn Head Bird Observatory

E. J. Hosking

our own confiding birds, but those robins were too exhausted by their long journey to make any attempt at concealment.

‘It is difficult even to guess at the total number of robins which came to this small part of the Yorkshire coast in the first week of October but it must have run into tens of thousands. Only a fraction of the birds we saw were coaxed into the traps, but by the end of the week more than 500 robins had been ringed and released—this was more than ten times the number marked in the whole of the previous year. At night we went out with torches and found robins fast asleep in the bushes and trees around the observatory cottage. In the mornings we awoke to a dawn chorus of plaintive ‘tics’—you know the scolding note the robin uses when it is alarmed or angry.

‘It is strange that the necessary combination of special weather conditions and the migratory urge has not brought a robin invasion on this scale before, so far as the records show. There are smaller irruptions from time to time: the last was in 1933 but was confined to Norfolk. Dr. David Lack, in *The Life of the Robin*, quotes an account written by William Prynn in 1641 of an invasion on the Scilly Islands in October (note the month), 1637: “at the Islands of Scylles, when many thousands of robin redbreasts (none of which birds were seen in those islands before or since) newly arrived at the Castle there . . . and within one day or two tooke their flight from thence, no man knows whither”’.

Italy's 'Achilles Heel'

By RENATO GIORDANO

FOR people in southern Italy, Naples is the gateway to the world. To those who come from Lucania or Calabria, from Apulia or the Abruzzi, Naples is *the* city in which they arrive to stay or to go on to new lands. For millions it was *the* port of emigration when emigration was Italy's greatest safety-valve. They still emigrate, but now they travel by train, from the station in Piazza Garibaldi, and go no further than Rome, Turin, or Milan. To understand the meaning of this continuous exodus, its economic reasons and psychological motives, we have to take the train in the opposite direction; we have to go south ourselves, a thing we Neapolitans seldom do.

Lucania is the modern name for the old province of Basilicata. It is still the poorest region of Italy, an inland province, lying between the flat, desert-like country of Apulia and the Apennines. Its land, its society are unchanged since time immemorial: they are epitomised in the scraggy goats that nibble the naked earth and in the solitary figure of the peasant at nightfall riding home muleback on a long and dusty track, while his wife walks behind him grasping the animal's tail. For them nothing much has altered since Horace sang of the peasants of his own day—cursing the hot African wind, *il favonio*, that scorches the soil and destroys their meagre crops. I do not go often to Lucania; such friends as I have there usually come and visit me; so the last time I went to Potenza, the capital of the province, was about three years ago. Potenza is built on the summit of a steep rock; it has 30,000 to 40,000 inhabitants—but no industries, no trade, no art, and no history; it has nothing in fact but beautiful views over a wild landscape of mountains and mountain gorges, transfixed in seemingly careless primeval disorder.

The centre consists of two parallel streets, Via Pretoria and Largo Liceo. Via Pretoria is the street where, in the evenings, the gentry take the air; Largo Liceo is where the peasants walk. So Giovanni, my young host who had just taken his law degree at Naples University, where I had first met him, Giovanni and I walked the Via Pretoria, not because either of us had anything against the peasants, but because that was where I would find the people whom I wanted to meet. And in any case, for us to walk on the Largo

Liceo would have been considered eccentricity by gentry and peasants alike and a way of showing off. This tacit distinction between the two streets is a perfect reflection of the psychological and social rift between these two sections of the population. They spend their lives within a few hundred yards of each other, their social functions bring them constantly together, and yet they themselves want to perpetuate and crystallise, in a sort of caste system, the situation which they found

when they were born. So Giovanni and I strolled along the Via Pretoria. We talked of the political situation, about the new trends in philosophical idealism pursued by the pupils of Croce, about Berdyayev's essay on Dostoevsky which he had written before his death. But Giovanni was absent-minded that night. He was worrying about his future. He had taken his degree, but now what was he going to do?

All the best minds of the south have always faced this dilemma—whether to go away and turn their backs on the south, giving up all hope of improving its lot, or to stay, at the risk of doing nothing, going to seed, joining the ranks of the notables who waste night after night at the *circolo dei galanti-uomini* playing incessant games of cards, gossiping interminably, and regretting lost opportunities which will never return. Giovanni had read Chekhov; it is surprising how deeply many southern Italians feel the similarity of their own lives to those of the provincial Russian

bourgeoisie in pre-revolutionary days. As the street slowly emptied and the lights of the old-fashioned street lamps grew dimmer, Giovanni stopped every now and then to explain—without being able to—how strongly he felt himself bound to his present life and how to go away would mean making a violent and irreparable break.

For Giovanni to stay or to go north was a personal problem—the question of what to do with his own life. But to many of our political thinkers the southern problem, as reflected in his life, is the most serious liability of the Italian state: the problem of a land rich in imagination and talent, but poor in resources which could put them to good use. As a conscious problem, this is of comparatively recent origin. It emerged into consciousness with the unification of Italy. Before 1860, when the southern provinces formed the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, they were popularly believed to be rich and happy lands. *Campania felix* had been Vergil's phrase, and old legends are slow to die. The damage which the south suffered by the unification of Italy can in some ways be compared to the decline of the American south after the civil war. Both occurred at about the same time. But whereas the American south was politically subjugated and



Calabrian experiment in land reform: above, land is staked out at Santa Severina, to the evident satisfaction of the peasants; below, the new land-owners at work



culturally wiped out, so that it could truly be said that a whole civilisation had 'gone with the wind', in Italy the continuity of culture was preserved; society had to adjust itself, but it survived largely unchanged. In fact, this feudal society of the south is anything but sterile in the cultural and intellectual sense. Ever since the days of Giordano Bruno and Gianbattista Vico, it has provided Italy with outstanding personalities in philosophy, history, and law. Theoretical thought is today largely dominated by southerners. Think of Croce, who was born in the village of Pescasseroli and has lived in Naples all his life; of Giovanni Gentile, his great opponent in the field of philosophical idealism, a Sicilian by birth; of Pirandello, another Sicilian; of Francesco de Sanctis, also a southerner and the greatest literary historian we have had. Even Antonio Labriola, our most distinguished Marxist thinker, whose theories Croce attacked so vigorously years ago, came from the agricultural south. It is not easy to understand this persistence of southern culture: tradition may count for something; but it is not unlikely that a society which is economically still behind the Industrial Revolution may form a favourable soil for introspection and abstract thought.

Three Main Layers of Society

This society still has its three main layers. First, the big landowners who are now so much in the limelight. Second, the medium and small landowners who are less discussed but who are, to my mind, the real protagonists, for they include such pillars of provincial society as the priest, the notary, the chemist and the tradesmen. They all live off the leavings of the powerful top layer and are determined to keep it in power. Thus they are the real cement of the existing social structure. And, third, the vast masses of ignorant peasantry who do not believe in the possibility of change.

Most of the big landowners are absentees. Most of them live in Naples, some in Rome, or elsewhere. You find them haunting the yacht clubs, playing cards, or otherwise wasting their time; provincials with no culture, no interests, no link with the contemporary world. In short, they claim the rights and privileges of an aristocracy without shouldering its responsibilities. Not all, of course: a few of these wealthy men represent the finest type of scholar, statesman, or even mere citizen, that the south can produce. But I find it difficult to fit into a category those two or three friends of mine, dukes, barons, and counts, who may even have forgotten where their money comes from, but who love everything that is exquisite in this world, whether it is books or wines, perfumes or cameras. The other day I met the Duke of Castelmola in perfect morning dress, his handkerchief peeping out of his breast-pocket, his shoes obviously just polished, the knot of his tie beyond praise. As we strolled gently up and down, he showed me a new Dante commentary which he proceeded to discuss with great understanding—stopping from time to time to greet other friends walking by; and I was all at once saddened at the thought that agricultural reform might sweep away these last representatives of an old style of life who are themselves an element of non-conformity, and replace them by the dullness of a levelled and uniform, mechanised and ruthless society.

Just as, since 1860, the intellectual leaders have moved north, money and initiative have steadily moved north, too: the north has always absorbed the best the country produces. Thus very soon the rift widened between northern Italy, already partly industrial, and the agricultural economy of the south. A new blow was dealt to that economy, when, in the 'eighties, during a tariff war with France, the southern vineyards were sacrificed to boost the now artificially large and uneconomic industries in the Milan, Genoa, Turin triangle. As a result, the vineyards were supplanted by grain crops which permanently upset the economic pattern. The tariff war and its aftermath sealed the economic fate of the south; for from that time onwards investment capital also flowed to the north where returns were high, leaving the provinces south of Rome without capital and without hope of betterment. The fact that the big landowners have done very little since then to improve their estates is not all due to their inefficiency or congenital incapacity for economic reasoning. If they bought industrial shares or state bonds, instead of ploughing their money back into the land, it was not because they lacked enterprise but because enterprise in the south could not possibly pay. They have been forced by the economic situation to be 'rentiers'.

The spread of socialism in Italy has tended to accentuate the basic weaknesses of the situation. For, very early, the trade unions came to a tacit understanding with the northern industrialists to fight for the retention of the tariffs; both parties having a common interest in the

continued prosperity of their industries. But high tariffs against foreign competition also kept domestic prices high, and the man in Cosenza, who derived no benefits from the prosperity in Milan, was clearly the one whom high prices for consumer goods hit most. Two world wars and Fascism have had the effect of increasing the disequilibrium by creating even greater boom conditions in the northern industries; and nothing that the Fascists did, in either the industrial or the agricultural field, helped in any way to reverse the trend.

This, then, is the economic framework against which the social and political life of the south must be seen. The pre-industrial conditions also account for the lack of modern technicians, knowledge, and skill; incidentally, they account indirectly for the predominant role which the south plays in running the state machine. For the lack of other opportunities directs all the ambitions of intelligent southern boys to the attainment of a civil service or a teacher's post. At the root of this draining away of cultural and economic strength lies the historical fact that the unification of Italy was achieved under northern leadership—economic, political, and military. Thus, from the very beginning, the deputies from the politically active provinces of Piemonte and Lombardia, not unnaturally, took the dominant role in parliament, whereas the south never attempted to develop a strong policy of its own. Its leaders, whether landowners or deputies, have always lacked co-ordination; they were quite satisfied with the *status quo* which guaranteed their unquestioned leadership in a static society. With a few exceptions, they have never actively opposed a central economic policy that was to have such fatal effects on the development of their own homelands. Their personal position was safe enough, and they were free from all the troubles of a modern industrial society—socialism, trade unionism, demands for social reform, strikes, and the rest. It became the rule for the southern deputies to support any government, however bad, for the simple reason that the government was the upholder of law and order, the *status quo*.

When factions began to crystallise into parties, the southern share in this new-kind of political struggle was very small too. Both the Italian Socialist and the popular Catholic party were born more or less in opposition to the Government of the time and it was thus only natural that the south should have had little part in their formation. Similarly, when the Fascists formed their first cabinet, they soon found support among the southern backbenchers who had only one desire: to see a strong government in power. But, however negative this lack of political cohesion and consciousness may have been in the past, today the absence of rigid party machines and the weight still carried in southern politics by the individual personality may turn out to be a moral asset in the situation. Everywhere in Europe the party has become a symbol of the growing de-personalisation of life; everywhere, indeed, the party reflects the standardised structure of the state. The fact that the Communist Party is less solidly organised in the south is certainly the most positive aspect of this political fluidity.

A Slow Transformation

To my mind, the real danger in southern Italy today comes not from the extreme left but from the extreme right. It is this very political fluidity, in the midst of a rigid social structure, that explains, at least in my view, the frightening successes that the neo-fascists have had in southern Italy in the past couple of years. The structure of this feudal society is slowly beginning to be transformed by land reform. Whether this will remove the fascist threat it is impossible to say at this stage. But there is no doubt that land reform is the only means by which a more balanced and less poverty-stricken society can be created. This view has, of course, gained wide acceptance everywhere—it is the meaning of the word reform that is the controversial point. Responsible politicians—but not always foreign journalists—have come to realise that a mere change of ownership will not turn a barren waste into rich farmland. It is worse than useless to hand over his one or two hectares to the new landowner if one does not enable him to pay his way. In other words, it is a question of capital. Private capital will not be available for it will take many years before there can be any return. So the only way of really putting the south on its feet is public investment. This already exists in the so-called *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*, a kind of public board created for this purpose. Now, according to the economic experts, the amount of money which the Italian State can afford to spend on the south does not exceed about £600,000,000 over ten years, in addition to the ordinary ministerial budgets.

It is therefore useless to hope for a radical solution of the land

problem in the near future. All that can be done is to choose a few limited areas on which to concentrate all the money available and to start redistributing the land there, while at the same time improving it by means of public works and irrigation projects. An experiment of this kind has been going on for some time in Calabria. There an authority has been set up which has taken over an area of limited extent and made its expropriation plans within the framework of a general programme. It supplies agricultural machinery to the new owners on the co-operative principle and is doing its best to achieve the double result of giving land to a larger number of families while at the same time increasing the yield of the land. The full government project also includes the setting up of plants for processing the local agricultural products—the only form of industry which, while providing much needed employment, would fit organically into the region's economy.

It is difficult to foresee the ultimate outcome of this reform: some

people think that the Government's attempt will end in complete failure, because it has not enough money to make the improvement programmes work, and that we will shortly be faced with discontented peasants unable to run their new land—and dispossessed owners longing for the day of revenge. The supporters of reform, on the other hand, believe that, if the government holds to its regional programme of public investment and does not attempt too much at once, and if the technicians are allowed to get on with the job unhampered by political pressures, we shall see a remarkable improvement in a few years. They argue that, even with only a small percentage of landless peasants satisfactorily settled, this will serve to break up the immobility of the existing social structure, give hope to the mass of the landless peasantry, and generally create confidence and responsibility. It might, in other words, be the beginning of the end of the Middle Ages in those areas where, as Carlo Levi has written, 'Christ never arrived'.

—Third Programme

Gleanings from Gladstone's Papers—I

By A. TILNEY BASSETT

LORD MORLEY once admitted that his courage had failed him on two occasions. One was when, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he made his entry into Dublin Castle. The second and the more formidable, so he said, was his first sight of the enormous mass of documents which confronted him at Hawarden when he went there to write his *Life of Gladstone*. Well might he have been daunted, if not appalled, for probably no one man ever left behind him such a vast collection of letters and papers as did Mr. Gladstone.

The reputation which he had brought from Oxford, his entry into public life when not yet twenty-three, his absorption in church affairs, his Homeric studies, and an ever-increasing interest in all shades of knowledge, were some of the factors which brought Gladstone, while still quite young, into contact with men of note and learning in so many different walks of life. Their letters had to be kept—they were too important for destruction—and space must be found for them. But where? Mr. Gladstone's recourse was to erect a building, known from its shape as the Octagon, which abutted on to the 'Temple of Peace', the name by which his study was known in the family circle. In the Octagon, he was able to put his hand on any paper he might need, for whatever work he had in hand, with the least possible delay. He knew exactly where to find what he wanted and bring it to one of his writing-tables. Mr. Gladstone had two writing-tables, one for literary studies, with a bust of Dante by its side, the other for political work, over which there stood—and still stands—a bust of Disraeli. It was in the Octagon that Morley's courage failed when he first saw the stacks of papers at which he worked so arduously for some three years when writing the *Life*. A quaint testimony to the searching examination the papers underwent at Morley's hands came from the half-sheets of paper affixed to the shelves, on which he had written, in capital letters, the mystic signs 'D.W.' Thus did this master of letters signify that he had 'done with' that particular section. After Morley had finished his great work, the papers were removed to a specially constructed muniment room built in St. Deiniol's Library at Hawarden. There they remained, after I had arranged and classified them, until their presentation to the British Museum, where they have now found their final resting-place.

The documents sent from Hawarden numbered 300,000. Of these, 50,000 were not retained by the museum authorities and the collection has therefore been left at a total of 250,000 documents, divided into 750 volumes. In addition to many documents of public importance, there is a large collection of memoranda printed for the use of the cabinet only. As the printing of these was limited to the actual number in the cabinet, one for each, it is very unlikely that such a large and valuable collection of these secret papers can exist elsewhere. The cabinet memoranda form one of the smallest, though possibly most valuable, sections in the Gladstone Papers. It consists of thirteen small volumes only, but these contain Mr. Gladstone's own records of every cabinet which he had ever attended. His notes are mostly, but not always, dry statements of business done, but these are enlivened by jottings scribbled and pushed across the table to him as Prime Minister by other members of the cabinet. Some of them have their humorous

side—Lord Rosebery, chafing at a long-winded colleague, wants to get away 'to see a horse of mine running at Epsom'. Others have a note of tragedy. 'You little know', wrote Lord Granville, 'the deadly blow you have dealt to —', naming a minister who had set his heart on an office which Mr. Gladstone had just announced was to be given to another.

Here already there begins to emerge from the Gladstone Papers that very intimate comment on the life of Victorian society, and on some of its most notable members, which characterises the correspondence in particular. Mr. Gladstone had some 12,000 correspondents, and here the difficulty is to say not who of his most eminent contemporaries wrote to him, but who did not. Royalties, statesmen, poets, painters, scientists, actors—all are there—and from them we learn not only much about the writers themselves, but still more of those about whom they wrote. As an instance, let us take Tennyson. An old Oxford acquaintance writes that two friends called to see the poet. 'He', the letter says, 'took them up to his bedroom which was in a most disorderly state. There Tennyson took off his shoes and stockings and rested them on a chair, whilst he himself lay down on the floor'. 'Is this', adds the writer, 'Bernadist, Benedictine, or Stylite rule?'

In another letter, Sir Henry Acland tells a story of Tennyson's sensitiveness to criticism. One who had been in the habit of reviewing him and praising him (as well he might), had spoken of the 'Idylls of the King' as being written in 'a very healthy vein of poetry'. To his surprise, the next time he met Tennyson the poet looked very sulky and started by saying, 'I wish you would not call "Maud" morbid'. 'I call "Maud" morbid? Never in my life', was the answer. 'Yes, you did. You said the "Idylls" were written in a very healthy vein and that meant that "Maud" was morbid'.

In a written memorandum, Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore) claims that it was he who suggested to Mr. Gladstone that Tennyson should be given a peerage. 'Ah', said the Prime Minister, 'could I be accessory to introducing that *hat* into the House of Lords?' The reference is, of course, to the very wide-brimmed, sombrero type of hat which Tennyson used to wear.

And now a word about Ruskin. Sir Henry Acland, who had been staying with him at Coniston, writes: 'His cousin, who takes care of him, told me that he was very much disappointed that he had had no public recognition of his life-long labours. I asked what could he have had? She said a K.C.B. or like Lord Tennyson, and could Mr. G. do anything?' One's mind rather boggles at the thought of Sir John Ruskin, K.C.B.!

Then, of course, there are frequent references in the correspondence to the Queen. Sir William Harcourt writes to Mr. Gladstone in 1885: 'I am delighted to hear of your daughter's marriage. I think that all women are better married—a sentiment for which I was much reproved by my Sovereign when I expressed it to her on the occasion of her last daughter's marriage. She said: "I entirely differ from you, Sir William. I think that no woman should marry except under exceptional circumstances". I replied, "Madam, you are as bad as Queen Elizabeth,

except that she was never married". H.M. was, I think, rather pleased at the comparison'. Another correspondent gives an account of the Queen's visit to Florence in 1868 and adds 'On seeing the facade of the Cathedral she held out a miniature of the Prince Consort that he too might see it with her'.

The eighth Duke of Argyll was one of Mr. Gladstone's oldest and closest friends—their letters to each other invariably ended with 'Yours affectionately'—and despite a difference of opinion on public affairs in 1881 their friendship never wavered. The Duke then wrote: 'The best part of our connection can never be broken, but even a *crack* in it I have not been able to think of without emotion'. Like Mr. Gladstone the Duke had many and varied interests. For instance, there was his intense love of nature, more especially of bird life. He writes with great charm on many birds from nightingales to oyster-catchers. 'I have noticed that birds often show a keen animal enjoyment in fine calm sunsets', he writes. 'Many years ago, I saw a party of oyster-catchers rise to a great elevation in a sunset scene of unusual glory—shouting all the way with delight—and this is a bird whose habitat is sea-levels and sea-shores. Rooks often exhibit the same excitement on the like occasions'.

Above all these interests there predominated his love of and pride in the country of his birth, and his stories and anecdotes of the Scottish peasantry form the most fascinating part of his letters to Mr. Gladstone. Argyll writes:

In a very poor district of the Island of Mull, I went into a small school and found about a score of young children in a small thatched cottage, and asked the master to let me hear them read. The boys, aged from ten to fourteen, read a book with excellent intonation and observance of punctuation. But, as I knew that not one of them ever spoke one word of English at their own fireside, I suspected that they could not understand all the rather long words which they were reading. One little wretch with a rag of a kilt that hardly covered him read a sentence containing the word 'extraneous'. 'What is extraneous?' I asked. Some of the older boys hesitated, but the little fellow with the kilt answered at once, 'Not belonging to itself'. I have asked several people since to define the meaning of 'extraneous', and not one has given so neat and complete an answer as that urchin. He could not possibly have expected or been prepared for it.

I must finally content myself with a few items which illustrate the remarkable range of subjects involved. Mr. Gladstone's secretary, Sir Arthur Godley (afterwards Lord Kilbracken), asks, 'Did you hear my story of the verger grumbling as he carried a heavy load of chairs into Winchester Cathedral? "We have to carry in 600 of these here chairs when Canon Knox Little comes into residence and then when Canon — comes in we have to carry them all out again!"' Huxley writes to a friend after reading Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees:

'Three cheers for Mr. Gladstone. I am with him from the hairs on my head to the corns on my toes'. An Oxford undergraduate sends some verses and asks for help in getting them published. This was Oscar Wilde. Florence Nightingale showed much devotion in letters to Mr. Gladstone. 'I would give the universe to see you', she writes; and again, 'Have you forgotten poor old Florence Nightingale?' Bismarck sends an oak sapling, now a sturdy tree at Hawarden. Professor Tyndall, the famous scientist and Alpine climber, begs Mr. Gladstone to ascend the Matterhorn with him. 'I will risk life and limb to protect you', he says. Irving offers the 'usual seat' in the wings of the Lyceum. A number of letters followed the publication of an article by Mr. Gladstone on the colour sense, including two from Darwin and another from Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy. Darwin remarks that 'very young children have great difficulty in distinguishing colours, but why this should be I know not'. Sir Charles comments that artists consider the ends of the fingers the reddest part of the hand.

There are, among the papers, various references to sporting events. The first Oxford and Cambridge boat race is recorded. It was won by Oxford and the church bells were rung to celebrate the victory. Mr. Gladstone saw the race, and a day or two later the second inter-university cricket match, another Oxford victory. There is even a letter on horse-racing. Sir Francis Doyle gives a vivid account of the St. Leger of 1828, when Velocipede broke down a short distance from the winning post. There is food for the criminologist too—in particular some hitherto unpublished material relating to the extraordinary Constance Kent murder case. The case was one of child murder, which aroused great public indignation when the police failed to bring a charge. It was five years later that Constance Kent confessed her guilt to a Brighton clergyman, and among the Gladstone papers are letters from the clergyman, from Lord Coleridge who defended the woman, and from Sir William Harcourt who later had to review the case as Home Secretary. There is also material about the famous Tichborne case. Mr. Gladstone received a letter from the claimant which he decided not to answer. Again, there is spiritualism. Mr. Gladstone recorded descriptions of several seances, and carried on a considerable correspondence with Mr. Balfour on the subject.

And so the account could go on and on. I am conscious that I have only been able to give a very random selection from this immensely variegated correspondence. In its contents it touches on so many aspects of Victorian life that it defies coherent description. The only common factor is Mr. Gladstone himself. I remember a late Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Nugent Hicks) once saying to me that he thought people used to write to Mr. Gladstone much as they now do to *The Times*. I do not think there could be a more apt comparison.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

A Letter to Posterity—II

Living Through an Intellectual Revolution

By J. BRONOWSKI

MY dear great-grandchildren,—You will not remember me. I am the scientist in the family album: the one near the front with the glasses and the earnest look. I am by training and, I hope, by taste a geometer. That means that I do not speculate about things but about the relations between things: their pattern or arrangement—the angles in a triangle, the shape of a crystal, or an extra dimension. Nothing could be more abstract, and yet nothing could be more vivid to me; so that if at this moment I call up one of these patterns by name—a snowflake, say, or three rings locked together—it instantly stands solid in my mind with the lucid compulsion of a dream.

I give you this picture of myself because I cannot picture you at all. I cannot picture where you live, what you do, how you dress or travel. For all I know, you may have pumped a lake into the Sahara and be growing seaweed there to make synthetic fish-cakes. Or you may be shutting round the earth on a space platform, armoured in some metal I do not even know, to keep off the cosmic rays. Whatever I might guess about your physical life 100 years from now is sure to be wrong. Yet I have no doubt at all that I know how you will think. I am confident that you will understand the kind of mind which I have

described in myself. I say this with confidence because I am living in the revolution which is creating your way of thinking. This revolution is called science.

Of course, the facts of science are older than my age. Science has been our technical skill for more than 200 years, and in that time it has changed the conditions of living two or three times over. Lord Beveridge told you about the social revolution in our day. That, too, is grounded in the skill of technical science, for without science there could have been no forty-hour week and no population which reads and argues, no public health, no women's vote and no waiting list for motor-cars. A child born in 1952, for the first time in the history of Britain, can expect to live to the biblical age of seventy. That is twice as long as he would have lived 200 years ago.

All this is plainly good, but I would be dishonest with you, my posterity, if I did not tell you that it still leaves us troubled. You see, all this science is a splendid machine. It gets the facts right and day by day goes on, piling them up into a mountain of truth. But for most of us that truth is no longer a part of our minds; it has become a special product for experts. I live in a time that is bewildered by scientific fact, and yet it knows that no faith will again satisfy

it which does not embrace the truth of science. That is the penalty of living in a revolution: that the world changes faster than our habits of mind. You see, we still have the habit of thinking about science in a way which is 100 years out of date. Under our doubts there runs a view of truth which is sad and commonplace. It takes the truth to be nothing more than the facts; the whole truth is more and still more facts; and, of course, the facts are supposed to speak for themselves. Here I live in an age of the gayest and the most heady speculation in science; and whenever I turn to discuss it with a layman he backs away and wants to ask some specialist for the facts. Are the stars riding away from us on a bubble of space? Ask the astronomers, says my neighbour; they have the telescopes. By what paths has man evolved to what he is from what earlier states? Ask the fossils.

To you, my great grandchildren, this will be history; but to me it is a threat to the inner life of my generation. Because this is a passive misreading of our finest work. It misses the great leap which the human mind must take from the facts of science across the gap into the truth. What the senses see and hear and observe, all the facts of the world, these are only the raw materials. The true insight of science is something more: something which the solitary mind weighs and builds, brick by brick, until all at once it creates a vision. Because the facts do not speak for themselves. The sun did not stand still for Copernicus to study, and when he said that the earth moves round it he was backing a most unlikely guess against what he saw. The fossils wore no labels the day that Darwin read their story, because he did not read it with his eyes but with his imaginative mind. Darwin read into their sequence, and under the appearance of the living species, an order of fitness which suddenly gave unity to all the tangle of forms. He created that unity, because he had 'the courage to think that true which appears unlikely'.

Cobweb Structure under the Hard Feel of Matter

Are the facts of science really so gray? The picture of truth which they make has surely grown wilder from year to year. Could anything be more fanciful than the cobweb structure which we now believe lies under the hard feel of matter? What dialogue from Lewis Carroll ever matched the insane logic of an electronic brain? Science is a world of most unlikely truths. And if we have found that it works, we have to thank the imaginative courage of men who were willing to fly in the face of their five senses, from the day of Galileo to Einstein.

You see that I, and the young scientists who think like me, do not draw a black line between the imagination in science and outside it. The creative mind works in the same way, whether its ray material is fact or feeling; whether it practises science, or history, or the novel. It has two outstanding marks. It has no patience with our prejudices. From Descartes to James Joyce, every great work of the imagination has first outraged the conventions of its time and then re-made them. And in this process the work of imagination gives a new unity to our experiences. The imagination forms the parts of knowledge which until that moment seemed to have no bearing on one another.

By these tokens, the scientific imagination for fifty years has been in a rage of creation. One afternoon at the beginning of this century, a German physicist took his young son for a walk; and almost as if he were thinking aloud, he told the boy that nothing would fit his experiments but the idea that energy has a structure like matter. That idea, that day, made the revolution in physics in which we still live. Five years later, the young Einstein challenged all our accepted ideas of time and space. That year, three men in scattered places re-discovered the underlying processes of inheritance, and none of them knew what the others were doing. A Japanese riding on a London bus at night suddenly understood how the atoms in a chemical must be linked. The minute and exquisite geometry of the chemistry of our body, the organisation of its growth, the play of motives in man and in society, the logic of the unforeseen—all that surge of discovery in our century has taken nature apart, and put it together afresh, from top to toe. They are the visible thumb-prints of the creative mind at work, which is giving a new order to our human experience, and making a world quick and active with imagination. What could be more imaginative, what could be more poetic, even, than the idea that space and time are parts of one reality? What could be bolder than the dream that we shall yet trace in the structure of matter itself the compelling reasons which formed it, step by step, into a shape which one day came to life. For all I know, you, 100 years from now, may have made a speck of life in the laboratory. But if you have, the imaginative thinking that went into the speck comes from my age.

It is now well over 100 years since that pleasant, waspish man, Thomas Love Peacock, first warned Shelley that in a scientific age the poetic imagination might soon run dry. Peacock was wrong; he would have been wiser to leave that early letter to posterity unposted. I am not ashamed of the state of poetry and the arts in our age of science. And yet, and yet, it seems to me that the blight of Peacock's foolish prophecy has gone on infecting those who love the arts. They have seen science as he saw it, as a sort of filing cabinet in which the warm and ruddy facts of life will one day, one by one, be ticketed and tidied out of existence, in alphabetical order. If they are right, then you, my great-grandchildren, will have lost the gift of smiling, and I need not invite you to smile at this sad fancy. But for my part, I think that you will smile quite broadly; and will find nothing sad but the sense of loss, that men of lively minds should have had such narrow thoughts. Do not altogether blame my generation for this. Living in a revolution is not easy. And this revolution of science may be the most difficult the human race has to live through. Its birth pains have been cruel, and even now the world may still die of them.

Fear of Science in Our Air

There is a fear of science in our air, and it is not just about the atomic bomb; and it is not all mistaken. Science has been twisted to some ugly uses, just as faith was in Galileo's day, just as poetry was when Sir Philip Sidney defended it with the challenge 'What, shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious?' There have been ugly physical abuses and ugly moral ones, until my world has begun to fear that science has destroyed the ancient values and put nothing in their place. What has really happened, of course, is that science has shown in harsh relief the division between our values and our world. We have not begun to let science get into our heads; where was it supposed to create its values? We have used it as a machine without a will, the conjured spirit to do the chores. I believe that science can create values; and will create them, just as literature does, by looking into the human personality; by discovering what divides it and what cements it. That is how great writers have explored man. The insight of science is not different from the arts. Science will create values, I believe, and discover virtues, when it looks into man; when it explores what makes him man and not an animal, and what makes his societies human and not animal packs.

We in my age have to conquer our fear, and to master the ideas of science, all of us, in the comfortable everyday sense in which we have mastered reading and writing. Only that way shall we learn for ourselves to put science to its right use. And we are learning; we are at last learning not to start back from the mounting facts; they have their own strong and living order, and imagination gives them unity.

I have been talking to you, my dear great-grandchildren, as a geometer: what a poet in my age called 'an abstract Greek absurdity'. Is there an abstract imagination? And will it survive to you? I think so, and I think that it will be the foundation of your thought. I believe that yours will be a bold and a creative life; because I think science will not impoverish but enrich it. You will know whether I have been right. I wish you could tell me.—*Home Service*

The Children

Defeated in a midnight hour,
they wait in harness for a power
to guide them gently home.

They seek paternal hearts, remain
shut out. Their halting gifts sustain
pretence, a magic dome.

Their substitution is a tide
of some felicity, a pride
of sorts they would insure.

For ever children, they now see
Beyond the night and hear a plea
of elders say: Endure.

DWIGHT SMITH

William Poel and the Modern Theatre

By SIR LEWIS CASSON

THE year 1952 marks the centenary of the birth of William Poel, a remarkable genius of the theatre who, during most of his working life was comparatively unknown, and looked on, by many who did know him, as a crank, yet whose ideas and practice have deeply affected our theatre, both directly in the production of Shakespeare, and indirectly in the matter of the mutual relations between the actor, the audience, and the building which houses them, by restoring freedom to the dramatist and producer, bound of late by the limitations of a too rigid naturalism and the proscenium stage.

Discovery of 'Everyman'

I met Poel first about 1901 when he had just discovered the old morality 'Everyman' and given it the moving and beautiful production which has been reproduced again and again in every part of the English-speaking world. He was then, I suppose, in the late forties; tall and well built, but with the stoop of a scholar. Longish grey hair brushed back from a high forehead—going bald; the head thrust forward enquiringly; little twinkling eyes half hidden by steel spectacles set well down his nose, over which he peered at you, with an air of vague eagerness, and the general aspect of a kindly old don. The Tonks portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, which shows him, at his request, in the part of Father Keegan, looks much as he did in real life, and I remember well that Inverness cape in our long walks on Wimbleton Common. His speech was hesitant and almost stammering, punctuated by the queer interjection 'Ah rumptarrah'.

Charming, lovable as he was, he could be obstinate almost to fanaticism in carrying out his ideas. I am afraid we youngsters in those early days took him less than seriously, and might with profit have hearkened to Hamlet's 'advice to the Players' in the matter of Polonius. He was an actor, but not a good one, and he knew it and only played to save a salary or if he could not find an actor to carry out his ideas of a part. He was of too simple and trusting a nature ever to succeed in the business side of the theatre. He never made any money, and if ever he came by any he spent it at once on his beloved Elizabethan Stage Society. He had only one financial success, 'Everyman', and he took a partner to exploit that, who did much better out of it than he did and out of the tours in America that followed of 'Everyman' and Shakespeare played according to his ideas.

Poel's main thesis was that every play (meant to be performed at all) was written by the dramatist with a particular form of theatre in mind, and a particular style of production; and since he believed Shakespeare was suffering more than anyone from wrong-headed production, most of his work and writings were devoted to him, with the result there is hardly a single production of Shakespeare in this country today that does not in some measure show his influence. He believed and proclaimed that Shakespeare knew his job, not only as a popular dramatist but as a practical man of the theatre, and that we had only to find out what he did and follow it, to realise what he meant and to make it manifest. But we have, alas, to 'find out' for we have no unbroken tradition as the French have for Molière. The Puritans broke the line, and when it was resumed Shakespeare fell into the hands of people who thought he did *not* know his job, and accordingly started 'improving' the plays. Even his close friends and fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, as soon as he was dead, chopped the plays into acts and scenes because it was more classical. And very soon the theatre-men began hacking the plays about, cutting and rearranging, giving them happy endings, slowing them up with pompous pseudo-classical speech and loading them with scenery. Much of this vandalism was cleared away by such men as Macready and Charles Kean, long before Poel's time, but when he started, about sixty years ago, though lip-service, as to a god, was paid to Shakespeare, yet in the theatre there was the same lack of faith in the plays themselves: the same fear that the audience would be bored without continual changes of scenery—always more solid and more elaborate—with intervals for the changes, and music to cover the noise; and more and more 'business' to keep them amused without listening to the lines (already cut to the bone to

make room for the excrescences). The one thing that had gone was the pompous, over-stylised speech, but alas, it was soon to be replaced by the new conversational style, which is even worse.

The principles then for which Poel fought were

- (1) The full text in its proper order without interpolations or rearrangement.
- (2) Continuity of speech from scene to scene without breaks between the 'acts'.
- (3) A permanent architectural set with at least two levels, and an inner stage covered by a traverse curtain.
- (4) A wide platform stage projecting into the audience.
- (5) Elizabethan dress (with a few period modifications).
- (6) Rapid, highly coloured, musical speech of great range and flexibility.

He began preaching his gospel in lectures and pamphlets. Then, with the help of such men as Arthur Dillon and Stewart Headlam, he was able in 1894 to found the Elizabethan Stage Society and produce some of the plays according to his theories; and for many years he continued to give odd performances when he could get the money. These rapidly converted the more discerning critics, like Bernard Shaw and dear Robin Littlewood (now father of the Critics' Circle). The professors followed. Quiller-Couch's New Cambridge edition of the plays, showing how the use of the upper and lower and inner stages illuminated the action, marked a great advance, and the work of Dover Wilson, Nevill Coghill, and George Rylands, among others, has compelled the regular theatre and the public to take notice. The schoolmasters, too, have done much. The Elizabethan productions in the 'twenties by the Choir School at All Saints, Margaret Street, under Father Heald, were rendered noteworthy by their leading boy, by name Laurence Olivier; but many other schools were doing similar work. Nugent Monck, too, one of Poel's early apostles, has made his Maddermarket Theatre of enthusiastic amateurs at Norwich famous over the world by thirty years of Elizabethan staging.

Official recognition came in 1904 when the London County Council, at Stewart Headlam's instigation, actually commissioned Poel to do a tour of 'Much Ado' round the London town halls. A young dramatist, Monckton Hoffe, played Don John. At last, in 1904, the Governors of the Stratford Memorial Theatre asked him to produce a play for them, and he chose 'Measure for Measure'. With Miss Horniman's co-operation he used her Manchester company, of which I was then a member; so, to my great delight, I came again under his direction. This was his first and only recognition by a regular theatre management.

Three Accepted Principles

Except for Robert Atkins at the Ring in Blackfriars in 1936, I know of no management that has accepted Poel's full gospel. I doubt if they ever will. Tradition dies hard in audiences as well as producers, and a too rigid adherence might keep them out of the theatre! But though the regular theatre made no direct use of him, the leaven of his teaching was at work, and his first three main principles are now accepted, both by producers and public: the full text in proper sequence, continuity, and a permanent setting or scene. These three are indeed interdependent. The number of 'scenes' in the full text without rearrangement involves too many scene changes; and vocal continuity precludes the use of the fall of the curtain or the more modern blackout.

In Poel's time, which was Irving's and Tree's, heavy cutting and the rearranging of the order of scenes, and innumerable falls of the curtain and musical intervals, were in full swing. When I produced Cymbeline in the early 'twenties I looked up Irving's acting version and was horrified at what had gone, and how the play and the characters had suffered as a result—Imogen as much as any. This may be the moment to quote Poel's opinion of Irving. An actor driven to exasperation at one of his rehearsals—a frequent phenomenon—once burst out with 'Irving says that line as I do'. Poel flashed back 'Irving! I wouldn't give him £5 a week to work for me'. But he went on 'Irving is wonderful in his own way—but it isn't mine'. Cutting may be legitimate enough in the case of passages now un-

intelligible, and surely, to paraphrase St. Paul's advice on marriage, 'It is better to cut than to bore', even if the fault lies in the actor or producer rather than in the dramatist. Most producers now however treat the text reverently, and at least refuse to cut merely to increase the importance of the leading part, as the actor-managers frequently did. Vocal continuity, too, or at least continuity of action throughout, is now generally recognised as a necessary element in the construction of the plays, not only as part of the musical pattern, but also for the rapid changes of colour and movement that seize and hold the attention.

When the necessity of continuity was recognised it was at first achieved by some compromise which still used representational and changing scenery: the device of alternating front scenes and full-stage scenes, for instance. But this often cramps important scenes and is, in any case, fidgety. A better device was that invented by Antoine in Paris about 1906, of using the full stage depth for each set, with tableau curtains that closed before the end of the scene, leaving the action to be finished on the front stage while the new scene was set. This method, combined with a revolving or rolling stage, is very effective, though it tends to be noisy. But more and more it is being recognised that Poel was right; that Shakespeare's plays call for the open, unlocalised stage that he wrote for, stimulating the audience to create for themselves in their imagination the beauties of the local habitation enshrined in the words; and in the future some form of fixed set, with variations that can be made in sight of the audience, or by changes of lighting, is likely to become the rule. Instances of late are the Old Vic 'Othello', Peter Brook's 'Winter's Tale', and John Gielgud's 'Much Ado'.

Modern producers are limited, as to what they can do, by the existing theatres with their fixed proscenium and unalterable line of sight. But they would maintain that they have accepted the principle of the platform stage by the use of an apron or extension over the orchestra outside the proscenium arch, where that is possible. Granville Barker did this at the Savoy for his wonderful productions in 1912, and I followed it for 'Julius Caesar' at Manchester in 1913, and was soundly rated by Miss Horniman for the daring innovation. Bridges Adams installed one in the rebuilt Stratford theatre in 1932. Robert Atkins had a much more efficient form at the Old Vic, but his true platform at the Ring convinced him that Poel was right, that none of these was adequate. Poel granted that such an apron increases the intimacy between audience and actors and gives some of the three-dimensional effect of the true platform. He insisted, however, that the open platform, or the open arena, surrounded—or almost so—by the audience, alone provided the proper setting for plays which were never intended to be realistic or to be spectacles to be gazed at. They were games of 'Let's pretend' played by the audience on their nursery floor, which they could make a ship or a battlefield at will, with

soliloquies and asides talked to them with greater personal intimacy than those of George Robey or Danny Kaye. Only on the principle of a completely unlocalised stage is it possible to accept such things as two opposing armies on the stage together defying each other. In any localised setting they are absurd. This whole question is admirably treated by Ronald Watkins in his book based on his experience of productions in the Harrow speech-room.

Before leaving this subject, I must point to the undoubted success of the use of the Elizabethan setting this season at Stratford for the

Histories Cycle, and of Bernard Miles' beautiful little Mermaid Theatre in St. John's Wood; also of the touring 'Arena Theatre'. All these things are accustoming our audiences to a much more imaginative attitude to the theatre, both for Shakespeare and for the more experimental types of modern plays, and opening up new possibilities of freedom to our dramatists, no longer bound by the rigidities of the fourth wall.

Two more principles remain to be discussed—dress and speech. As to the former, Poel contended that in whatever period he was writing Shakespeare drew his characters as Elizabethans, and that therefore they should so be dressed, at least as a basis, though modifications and trimmings are permissible, such as togas for Romans, Greek helmets, and so on, to suggest another period. Poel held that any attempt to dress such plays as 'Cymbeline', 'Lear' and 'Antony' strictly in their alleged period only led to absurdities like 'Cut my lace, Charmian', and emphasised the many anachronisms. Actually the ideas of dressing the plays archaeologically is not more than about a hundred years old. Before that actors wore 'modern dress' of their own period, somewhat stylised for theatrical effect. But it

must not be thought that Poel advocated drabness in costume. He had a fine wardrobe of Elizabethan dresses (which, alas, appeared over and over again in his various productions) with such enrichment from costumiers as he could afford. But had he had the money he would have filled his stage with the splendours of cloth of gold, banners, and heraldry, wherever it was justified. He had a fine eye for colour and his grouping and movement owed much to his loving study of old pictures in our national galleries.

His influence on dress in productions of our time has been indirect only, but at least it has freed the modern designer from the bonds of rigid archaeology, and so allowed him to use costume as a direct stimulus to the imagination of the audience in the interpretation of both play and character.

Poel himself always considered his work on the speaking of the plays by far his most important contribution to the problem of producing them. Yet at the time it made little impression, and only recently has its indirect influence become apparent. But it is noticeable that many of our best speaking actors to-day either came under his direct influence in his own productions, for



William Poel: the portrait by Henry Tonks in the National Portrait Gallery



Poel's production of 'Measure for Measure'

R. Mander and J. Mitchenson Collection

instance, Edith Evans, or under that of producers who worked under him, like Barker or, may I say, myself.

Poel held that the Englishmen of Shakespeare's day had, if not actually more vitality than those of today, at any rate more exuberance in the vocal expression of it, and that as there was in those days far less dependence on silent reading and print and much more on the spoken word, there was much greater interest in the sound of words and the rhetoric of everyday speech. Therefore, even on the realistic plane, if we are representing Elizabethans we must use much more highly coloured and vivid speech than we do today. Moreover Shakespeare was a poet. He could create magic by the mere sound of words, and, while charging these words with intense meaning, he could so write that if the speaking fully expresses the meaning and emotion the resulting melody and music of it creates the magic. It is the actor's task to make manifest all the meaning, the emotion, the magic and the beauty, by the audible means of melody, phrasing, and stress. And the miracle of Shakespeare is that it is possible, with sufficient skill, to do all this while creating a character in whom the words sound natural, and as if invented at the moment. But it requires both vocal imagination that can take a long view of perhaps a dozen lines of blank verse and compose one interesting melody that will include them all, and also the breath and flexibility of voice to carry it through. Few actors have that flexibility, alas, and still fewer have any chance of cultivating it, with the result that they usually fall back either on some standard pattern of almost meaningless 'Shakespearean speech', ('ponging' as the Bensonians called it), or try to make it natural in the style of modern conversation by breaking it up into short sentences spoken to a series of dull repetitive 'tunes'.

Poel himself had, in a very high degree, both the vocal imagination and the vocal flexibility, together with immense knowledge and intuitive perception of the plays themselves. But he had little money, so could afford neither a long period for rehearsals nor highly skilled expensive actors, and he had to get results which would show what he was trying to do. He was driven, therefore, to the use of a method of rehearsing

which some actors found inspiring but many others found stultifying and absurd, and it was largely this method that earned him his reputation as a crank. His first step was to cast the play orchestrally. He decided which character represented the double-bass, the cello, the wood-wind, so to speak, and chose his actors by the timbre, pitch, and flexibility of their voices, far more than from their experience or even their skill. Before starting rehearsals he had worked out (within fairly wide limits) the eventual sound of the whole play, the melody, stress, rhythm, and phrasing of every sentence; and for the first three weeks of a month's rehearsal the company sat round a table, as in a school class-room, and 'learnt the tunes' from him by endless repetition in a strongly marked exaggerated form; so that at the end of, say, two weeks the whole play had become as fixed in musical pattern as if written in an orchestral score. He used an immense range; the melody of a single sentence might cover two octaves, or a general rise or fall of two octaves might be spread over twelve lines.

He could, and did, justify every intonation of the pattern by its rhetorical value and the thought and emotion to be expressed, but when it came to the *acting* and the minute harmonies and variations that make the speech alive and natural, it had all to be fitted into the main framework of his imposed pattern, just as the players in a string quartet express their own personalities and skill, co-operatively, within the framework of the written score. It was a drastic method, more acceptable to actors who work for the play than for those who work exclusively for self-expression, but with the former it produced remarkable results. He contended, without any conceit, that he had an ear beyond any of his actors in hearing and analysing the small-scale intonations and phrasing of natural speech, and an ability to extend them in range and timing to the scale necessary to make them manifest to a theatre audience; and yet at the same time to build all the resultant melodies into one musical shape. The general effect was one of swiftness and lightness, with a minimum of heavy stresses even in strong dramatic passages.—*Third Programme*

British Foreign Policy: the Situation Today

(continued from page 44)

Cobdenism. Moreover, a united, disarmed, unoccupied Germany would be at the mercy of such a communist stroke which destroyed Czechoslovakia and in fact would give the Ruhr to Russia. The invasion of South Korea may not have been planned by the Kremlin; but the Americans have bitter reason to fear withdrawal of occupying forces followed by free elections.

What, then, is the solution? The answer is that there is no solution. Convinces do not exist in a world dominated by two vast powers, each convinced of the other's fundamental wickedness and determined to give way at no point. But it may help to remember that the object of diplomacy is to negotiate. We should negotiate now rather than in 1953 when—so we are assured, and I doubt the assurance—we shall have sufficient military strength, so that the power situation will be radically changed. I do not mean that we should make a series of gestures towards Russia; I mean a series of approaches on specific questions. So far, we have not asked Russia how much she will be prepared to give in order not to see Germany rearmed. It is just conceivable that she would be prepared to negotiate—and we must be prepared for such negotiations to be longer and harder than those taking place in Korea. The Russians may claim that under the Potsdam Agreement we have no right to rearm Germany; but our answer should be that the agreement has long been shattered and that what matters is that we have the power to do so.

Such approaches should be related to a realist analysis of Russian interests and needs, and not solely in terms of the meaning of Stalinism. After all, the Russians have produced a reasonable case on certain matters at E.C.E., or, for example, on the currency question in Berlin. To negotiate is neither to appease nor to give in to communism. The object of diplomacy is surely lost if you adopt a policy of non-speak: we ought at this particular juncture to use our influence with America to encourage a joint approach in secret, and, if necessary, an independent approach at several levels. For we can lose nothing by it, and might conceivably gain. I say conceivably, for I am by no means sanguine that the Russians would respond to such overtures. They may well refuse to negotiate and rely on what communists call the 'internal

contradictions' inherent in the rearmament of Europe to redound to their advantage. But it is not an answer to say that Russia, if she desires, can come to terms with the west at the United Nations: the intricate machinery of public international conferences is paradoxically only of use in resolving small problems.

Such suggestions as I have made seem to me to be within the bounds of practical politics: I mean that they have regard to the present situation of our own and other countries and the habits of thought and procedure normal to their diplomats. This last factor is important, for it is also a fallacy to think that foreign policy is made solely by politicians: the diplomats in fact mainly construct it. And they are apt, like all men, to get into a rut, to rely on intelligence which fits into their picture and reject that which does not. Still, you may object, these suggestions do not touch fundamentals. I have not discussed the American alliance or even whether we should rearm, for those questions I regard as settled. The rate of rearmament and how the cost is to be borne should, of course, be the subject of talks with the United States—and we should remember that we can bargain as well as beg. She depends on us for more than she likes to acknowledge, as her foremost military ally, and as an outlet for her surplus production which she must export under her present economic system; and we are too prone to continue to this day the policy forced on us during the war years of conciliating her on every occasion. What we have to bring home to the Americans is the need to prevent a catastrophic relapse through inflation into the condition from which Marshall Aid raised western Europe. And they must also be made to realise that we do far more than they do, in the Middle and Far East to support the kind of world settlement which they desire, than we can be expected to do with regard to the relative wealth of ourselves and the United States. Korea is not the only theatre of war.

But nevertheless the basic structure of our foreign policy is formed by factors beyond our control which preclude any spectacular change. Diplomacy, contrary to popular belief, is not spectacular. It is really a very dull, prosaic affair—you have only to talk to most diplomats to realise that.—*Third Programme*

The Broadcasting of Music

By HERBERT MURRILL, Head of Music, B.B.C.

MUSIC plays many parts in our experience of life. In times of stress and danger it can refresh our spirit by giving us the vision of a world of order and reason. In moments of happiness it can express and intensify our pleasure. It can give a nobility to our sadness and can be (as Plato said) a 'moral law'. So it is not surprising to find that a very considerable proportion of broadcasting time is devoted to music of various kinds. In the space of a year we expect to broadcast more than 1,000 orchestral concerts; about the same number of recitals; some 300 concerts of chamber music, and a very great deal of lighter musical fare. All in all, our music booking section expects to issue between 13,000 and 14,000 contracts during the year. These contracts are for the services of musicians who are not on the staff of the B.B.C., but we do in fact maintain a very large number of performers on our staff. In our various Regions, as in London, we have orchestras of various sizes, we have groups of singers, accompanists, and so on.

Masterpieces at the Fireside

This vast outpouring of 'uttered music' goes into countless homes up and down the country and, as we know, into homes far beyond the shores of these islands. There, I think, is an operation unique in the world's history. It is, when you think of it, quite staggering that the great masterpieces of musical thought, often in performances given by the world's greatest artists, shall be continually available at the firesides of some millions of people. In some past ages serious music-making could be enjoyed practically only by those rich enough and leisured enough to be effective patrons of the art. Most of our great composers up to Beethoven worked under the patronage of the Church, or of a great prince or nobleman. Their efforts were primarily for his enjoyment and for that of his friends. The patronage system declined; public concerts multiplied; societies such as our own Royal Philharmonic Society were formed to take the place of the princely patron and to give concerts to a wider public. The player-piano and the gramophone arrived, and took music from the concert-hall to the house. Yet, with the greatest respect and admiration for all the forces that have tended to music's wider dissemination, I say again that broadcasting is unique in the volume of music and the variety of music that it can provide—if you wish—in the privacy of your own home.

We must sometimes pause to enquire of ourselves whether this continued outpouring of music is a good or a bad thing, for our listeners and for the art itself. Here I must tread delicately, for the value of the operation will surely depend upon the listener's selection and use of what is available to him in our programmes. No man, however devoted to the art of music, can possibly listen to all we broadcast—or even to any considerable proportion of it. So everyone is, from the beginning, a selective listener. I know students who have found our musical output useful in their work, not only for the appreciation of the classical repertoire but for the opportunities there are of experiencing types of music that cannot be heard in the concert hall. It is not easy to study music of the sixteenth or earlier centuries by attendance at public concerts alone: even the church Masses of Bach, apart from the great B minor, are not to be encountered in public performance frequently enough to suit a student's requirements. I know highly expert musicians who turn to broadcast programmes as the readiest means of hearing contemporary music in actual performance. I know listeners who are more interested in comparing the various methods of performance of the classical repertoire and will eagerly compare two readings of the 'Eroica' Symphony or the 'Appassionata'. Finally, I have seen the diary in which one of our leading music critics makes appointments with his receiving set. I was surprised and gratified at the amount of music in our programmes to which he wished to give his highly expert and critical attention. Selective listening, then, is imposed upon us all by the sheer volume of available material; it is, in fact, a duty owed by the listener to the music offered him, and to its composers and performers.

One sometimes hears objections raised to the broadcasting of music

at all. Most of such objections come to this: that what is heard through the loudspeaker is not a faithful reproduction of what would be heard in the concert-hall. The argument generally begins when people discuss orchestral music, and some listeners are uneasily aware of the presence of the 'middle-men'—engineers and others—who are not present in normal concert-hall performances. I cannot deny that engineers exist (thank goodness they do; without them there would be no broadcasting) and I have seen charts which show me how extreme upper or lower partials are necessarily modified in broadcast transmissions. But against all this I have the evidence of my own ears—and those, after all, are what I live by. I have listened to broadcast performances of music, as critically as I can, for more than half my lifetime. A good deal of my musical training was dependent upon what was available to me on my wireless set. I have also been often enough in the concert-hall to know the difference between the actual and the transmitted sound. And I must confess that I do not feel that I have missed very much of the music that I have heard on my receiving set.

Definitions of music are many and varied, yet they all begin by agreeing that music is ordered sound. I do not believe that I have ever heard a composer's contrived order of sounds so distorted by radio transmission as to falsify—or even to any appreciable degree to damage—the composer's concept. I have heard faulty balance of parts—as I have, indeed, in the concert-hall: I have heard a *pianissimo* brought up a little too loudly for my taste, but in the concert-hall I have heard the same *pianissimo* drowned by coughing or by premature applause. So I conclude that we do not noticeably damage music in radio transmission.

It is sometimes held that the distractions of home listening are greater than the distractions one meets in a public hall. I would maintain the opposite. Coughing and premature applause I have mentioned, and I must add the whispering neighbour, the rustling programme. Then there is the hall that is too cold or too hot, or in which the seats seem to have been designed as penitential benches; the hall that is not really suited to music, and so on.

Heaven forbid that anyone should imagine this to be a campaign against concert-going. Such a campaign would ill serve my fellow-musicians and all the societies who strive, against manifold difficulties, to put on public concerts. No serious music-lover will fail to attend public concerts, for he will wish as often as he can to be physically near the source of sound and also to enjoy those visual aspects of concert-giving about which Stravinsky has spoken entertainingly in his *Chronicle of My Life*. Stravinsky would not agree with those listeners who prefer to turn down the lights or close their eyes when concentrating upon music. Yet many people find this a good idea. What I am concerned to do here is to dispose of some of the objections that have been raised to the radio transmission of music. I have heard a critic maintain that it was unfair to assess a musical work on a broadcast performance alone: and I think I have said enough to show how far I disagree with him. Some fine shading might conceivably be lost, but not, I think, any essential architectural element.

A 'Double Service'

At one time it was feared that the broadcasting of music would kill both home music-making and public concert-giving. Happily these fears are proved groundless. Indeed, broadcasting is seen to be the latest and most powerful of those devices that are designed to take music back into the home. The great musicians of this and other countries can perform in your own music-room: the latest works by living composers can reach your ears almost as soon as they are written. That baneful time-lag that has made modern music so difficult for many people to appreciate may be now most effectively reduced. We think that these things represent part of our duty to the listener and to the art of music itself. We are thus in double service, and glad to be so, for we agree with Plato that music 'leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form'.—From a talk in the Home Service

NEWS DIARY

January 2-8

Wednesday, January 2

U.N. General Assembly resumes session in Paris

Assistant masters in secondary schools protest at the proposed reduction in education estimates

Dr. Niemöller arrives in Moscow at invitation of Patriarch of Russian Orthodox Church

Thursday, January 3

Soviet Union asks for special meeting of U.N. Security Council

World Bank and Persian Prime Minister exchange letters on future of oil industry

Communist delegates at truce talks in Korea reject proposal for exchange of prisoners

Mr. Crookshank presides over meeting of Cabinet

Friday, January 4

Further clashes take place between British troops and Egyptians in Suez Canal zone. British tanks fire at terrorists

United States and France oppose Soviet proposal for special meeting of Security Council

Government publishes statement on steel

Saturday, January 5

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden welcomed in Washington by President Truman and members of U.S. Cabinet

French Prime Minister asks National Assembly for eight further votes of confidence on Budget Bill

Persian Minister of the Interior resigns

Sunday, January 6

Mr. Churchill meets American Joint Chiefs of Staff

British authorities announce new measures against Egyptian terrorists in the Canal zone

Communists reject another United Nations plan for exchange of prisoners in Korea

Congress Party loses some ground to extreme left in early returns in India's general election

Monday, January 7

Chancellor of Exchequer announces record fall in the gold and dollar reserve in last quarter of 1951

Formal Anglo-American talks open at the White House

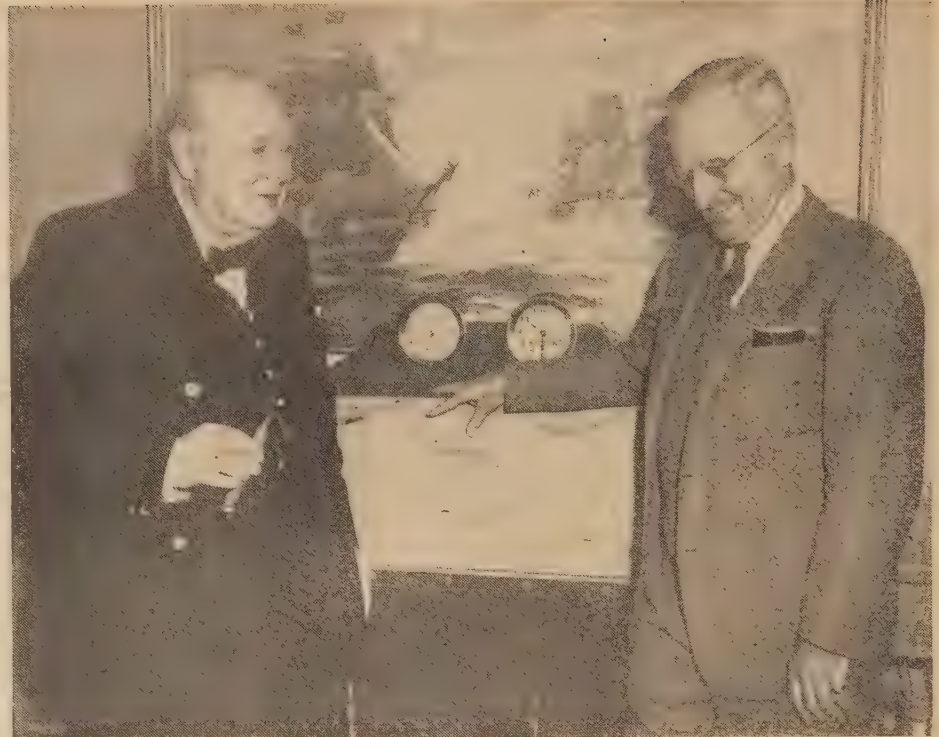
General Eisenhower publishes statement on his political standpoint

French Government resigns

Tuesday, January 8

U.N. Political Committee resumes discussion on Security Council meeting

Yugoslavia and United States sign economic agreement



Mr. Churchill with Mr. Truman in the President's yacht 'Williamsburg' on the Potomac River, Washington, on January 5, when the two leaders had an informal discussion in preparation for the opening of the talks at the White House on January 7. The painting in the photograph shows the United States frigate 'Constitution' in an engagement with the British frigate H.M.S. 'Java', off Brazil on December 29, 1812



A view from Freshwater Bay along the coast towards East Moor cliff in the newly designated Pembrokeshire Coast National Park, an area comprising about 225 square miles

Right: the Marquess of Linlithgow, Viceroy of India from 1936-1943, who died on January 5 at the age of sixty-four. His term of office, which was extended three times, was the longest since the Crown took over the administration of India. With an All-Indian Federation, as provided for by the India Act of 1935, as his chief aim, he was responsible for the establishment of full provincial autonomy, and the transformation of the Executive Council into a largely Indian body. He also carried out the task of mobilising India's resources in a full-scale war effort



Maxim Litvinov, Russian Commissioner for Foreign Affairs from 1930 till March 1939, who died at the age of seventy-five on December 31, and was buried in Moscow on January 2. From 1941-1943 he was ambassador to the United States and afterwards was Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs until August 1946. He married an Englishwoman, Ivy Lowe, in 1916, and was imprisoned in 1918 in Brixton prison as hostage for prisoners held by the Bolsheviks in Russia

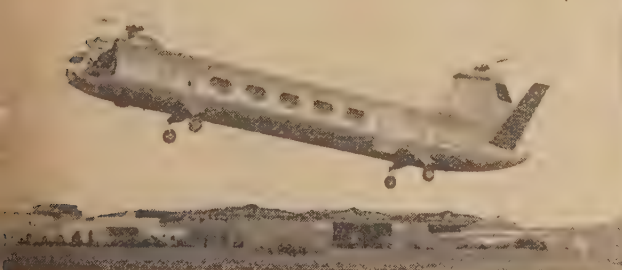




The American cargo-ship 'Flying Enterprise', crippled in the gales on December 27, being towed towards Falmouth last weekend by the tug 'Turmoil' (foreground). The American destroyer 'Willard Keith' is on the left. The master of the cargo-ship, Captain Kurt Carlsen, remained alone on the ship while it was adrift in the Atlantic for a week



J. Johnstone (S. Africa) tackling C. E. Winn (England) during the international rugby match at Twickenham on Saturday. South Africa won by eight points to three



Communist prisoners-of-war, captured in Korea, clearing a road under the supervision of American guards on the island of Koje-Do, near Pusan



The new bridge, built by a British firm, over the Tagus at Vila Franca de Xira, fourteen miles from Lisbon, which was opened on December 30 by the Portuguese President, General Lopes. The bridge, over 4,000 feet long, is the largest in Portugal



A photograph taken last weekend in Cumberland when heavy snow was covering the fells: low-lying cloud over Saddleback

Left: Britain's first twin-engine helicopter, the Bristol 173, making its maiden flight last week at Filton, Bristol

The Mission of Religious Broadcasting

By the Rev. FRANCIS HOUSE, Head of Religious Broadcasting, B.B.C.

RELIGIOUS broadcasting has been going on now for nearly thirty years, and in that time three broad principles have emerged. The first is that each broadcast should be planned with a particular audience in mind. The second is that we must broadcast the full Christian faith—and not only what people would like to hear. The third is that we must keep in mind all the time the possibilities and the limitations of broadcasting itself.

The 'People's Service'

In some countries the broadcasting organisations know or assume that most of those who listen are Christians who would be in church if they could. The result is that in these countries the broadcasts consist almost entirely of ordinary church services. But in this country we know that the majority of those who listen to the main religious broadcasts are neither Christian invalids nor regular members of a congregation. Most of them have no vital connection with any church: the fact that they listen to religious broadcasts at all, when they could be listening to secular programmes, shows that they are looking for some kind of spiritual help; but many of them are quite unfamiliar with any of the traditional forms of church worship. Of course the proportion of 'church-goers' and 'non-church-goers' varies considerably from programme to programme. At one end there is the audience for the Daily Service which has from the first consisted chiefly of practising Christians. They want to follow every word of the Service—so, at their request, we have published the book of prayers called *New Every Morning*, the *Broadcast Psalter*, and now the *B.B.C. Hymnbook*. At the other end there is the audience for the People's Service in the Light Programme—of whom at least three-quarters are people who, for the time being at least, have no kind of active connection with a local church. The importance of the opportunity religious broadcasting provides can be gauged from the fact that on a typical Sunday morning the number of 'non-church-goers' who say they listen to this 'People's Service' is about equal to the total number of church-goers who are at that time attending all places of worship.

The B.B.C.'s Audience Research Department can tell us a good deal about the nature of the audiences for our different programmes. From these figures one fact stands out—that in the audiences for most of our broadcasts 'church-goers' are completely outnumbered by 'non-church-goers' whose spiritual experience and needs are very different.

But if we considered only what might attract audiences, we might provide popular broadcasting but we should not be fulfilling our true evangelistic mission, for our second principle is that we are concerned with the transmission of the whole Christian Gospel. The 'religion' with which Religious Broadcasting is concerned is in fact nothing other than what can be described as 'the main stream of historic Christianity' in this country. Affirmation of other religious beliefs may find expression in programmes for which the Religious Broadcasting Department is not responsible. We are concerned with the Christian Faith as it is taught and practised in the larger churches, and also in smaller Christian sects, such as the Society of Friends and the Plymouth Brethren, which really have roots and a following in Britain. All the main Christian traditions are represented on one central Religious Advisory Committee: for example the present membership includes five Anglican Bishops, leaders of the Church of Scotland and the principal Free Churches, and three Roman Catholic representatives.

In this way the B.B.C. keeps closely in touch with the main religious bodies in the country. On the other hand the Advisory Committee itself recommended long ago that in broadcasting the balance between denominations should be regarded as a secondary matter. They believe that in the interests of effective evangelism we should be free to look first for the best broadcasters for particular audiences and for particular subjects. This means that we do not have to begin our planning by allocating each broadcast to a particular denomination. If the obvious man to broadcast on a subject or on an occasion happens to belong to a denomination which is already well represented in the schedule, we can still put him in; only at the second stage of planning, when

all the special needs have been met, do we consider what the denominational balance is in each quarter, and try to adjust the final balance so that it corresponds roughly with the position of the different denominations.

In practice, most broadcasts are concerned with those fundamental Christian beliefs which are common to all traditions—but place must also be provided from time to time—in special courses of sermons and around the great Christian festivals for the distinctive teachings and ways of worship of the different churches to be heard. The one limitation here is that by mutual agreement we do not broadcast controversial attacks by exponents of one interpretation of Christianity on the teachings of other Christian denominations.

The third main principle is that we should take seriously the possibilities and limitations of broadcasting. This has many consequences. For example, ordinary church services were not designed for broadcasting to individuals sitting in their homes, but for the corporate worship of congregations gathered together in churches. Moreover, we know that many listeners are not able to make up for the limitations of such broadcasts by drawing on their own memories of church-going. Consequently, while it is clearly right that a proportion of the Sunday broadcasts should be given to 'overhearing' ordinary church services, others should be instructions or acts of worship or aids to individual meditation which are specially planned for broadcasting. Thus on one Sunday morning we may use the resources of outside broadcasting to give bed-ridden communicants the opportunity to 'overhear' the whole Communion Service. On another Sunday, or perhaps in the evening of the same Sunday, we may use all the resources of studio broadcasting to present Christian truth in fresh ways—and so challenge those who have long been content merely to listen to broadcast services.

Respect for broadcasting standards also vitally affects the choice of individual broadcasters. We are all the time searching for priests, ministers and Christian laymen who have the special gift of being able to broadcast. When after various trials we find a man who shows promise as a broadcaster, we have to give him all the chance we can to develop his gift; on the other hand, we can find only a limited number of places for untried broadcasters. It is also an important part of the work of the Department to help congregations to think of themselves as sharing in a corporate act of witness. That means that they will undertake in a missionary spirit all the extra congregational practices, and so on, that are needed if the microphone is to transmit the sense of worship.

These considerations become even more important when we turn to the question of the representation of the Christian Faith in television programmes. At the moment we are still gaining experience of different kinds of programme. The principles underlying religious programmes on television are being carefully worked out.

A Radio Mission

May I end by referring to one lesson we have learnt which concerns the use of religious broadcasts—especially by practising Christians? A bishop, who was on our Advisory Committee for many years, said to me: 'In the early days, many church-people were hostile to religious broadcasting. Now most of them are "benevolently neutral". But it is time that "benevolent neutrality" turned into active co-operation'. To take one outstanding instance: fifteen months ago a 'Radio Mission' lasting six weeks was carried out in Scotland with the support of the Churches. There were over sixty special broadcasts by some of the most effective religious broadcasters in Scotland. The results were described in a little book, by R. H. W. Falconer, called *Success and Failure of a Radio Mission*. And here is the important point: Where the church-members co-operated actively in preparing for the Mission, and followed it up by personal contacts and house-to-house visiting, the Mission led to encouraging results. Where the church-members failed to co-operate, then as far as one could tell, the Mission also failed. There is to be another Mission of this kind in Scotland in Lent this year.—From a talk in the Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Coming of Heredity

Sir,—It has always surprised me that those who have devoted their lives to specialised fields of enquiry in the natural sciences should be so little conscious of their limitations. The scientist, speculating outside his own sphere of technical competence, is apt to be at once the most narrow-minded, the most unbalanced, the most ready of all men to jump to unwarranted conclusions. A few weeks ago even Dr. Julian Huxley, in the last of his excellent series of talks, put forward some rather wild propositions about the 'new religion' of 'Evolutionary Humanism'; he nevertheless spoke with a measure of reserve. But in *THE LISTENER* last week I learn that a microscopic study of the processes of sexual reproduction and an analysis of criminal statistics amongst 'identical' twins have revealed to Dr. C. D. Darlington the wisdom hidden from the generations hitherto. Having discovered that 'the whole life of the individual' is genetically determined, biology will, it seems, be able to 'interpret the structure of human society, the problems of education', and 'to bring together all the disconnected elements of social science'. This 'revolutionary understanding' will be a challenge alike to 'the catholic, the liberal, and the marxist views of life'.

This sort of idolatry of the microscope suggests inevitably, even if not consciously, the inference that old-fashioned ideas about moral responsibility, right and wrong, good and evil, are sure to be finally superseded, and that God, having been killed by the theory of evolution, will now be decently buried by the new genetics. The extravagances of the scientist turned philosopher-priest-cum-social-reformer would be harmless if only we lived in a generation accustomed to think for itself. But any half-baked theory, if it is labelled scientific, stands a good chance of acceptance, because scientific evidence is nowadays respectable, whereas the evidence a man can find in his own soul—to say nothing of the tradition and authority of the Christian Church—is not.

A mere glance at the foundation of Dr. Darlington's grandiose plan to set the world right shows how flimsy it is. If the great theological controversies of the past have largely failed to shake man's perfectly rational conviction that in a given situation he is free to choose which of two or more courses he will pursue, and that in this choice is involved the essence of his moral being, what sort of revolutionary conclusion is he expected to draw from the evidence that twins of identical heredity will more often than not succumb to similar temptations?

Yours etc.,

London, S.W.13

NIGEL BRIDGE

Parliamentary Privilege

Sir,—I listened to Mr. Hollis' talk on parliamentary privilege, and have read Sir Ernest Barker's letter in *THE LISTENER* of January 3.

The Anthony Henley to whom he refers was Anthony Henley the younger, M.P. for Southampton, and elder brother of Robert, first Earl of Northington, Lord Chancellor. Sir Ernest Barker's version of the letter suppresses its more scurrilous ending. The complete version runs:

Gentlemen, I received yours and am surprised by your insolence in troubling me about the Excise. You know what I very well know, that I Bought you And I know, what perhaps you think I don't know, you are now selling yourselves to somebody Else. And I know, what you don't know, that I am buying another Borough.

May God's curse light on you all.

May your houses be as open and common to all Excise Officers as your Wives and Daughters

were to me when I stood for your Scoundrell Corporation. Yours Anthony Henley

This is taken from *Crawley*, by F. W. Pledge, 1907.—Yours, etc.,

Rugby

HENLEY

Power and the State

Sir,—Mr. Pickles' defence of democracy (by which I take him to mean western parliamentaryism) follows three lines. First, he agrees with Aristotle (though hardly Aristotle with him) that it 'works better than any other system'. That is a statement of faith, not of fact. Only a minority of the world's population lives under effective parliamentary systems, and in some countries at present under it, it is at least arguable that it is not the best 'working system' in their political history. Second, it 'combines the maximum of ordered government with the maximum of belief in every man that he has a due share in decision'. This is an argument which pretty well any government not based on theories of divine right or military obedience can use, since belief in one's share in decision has little to do with actually sharing it. It is thus irrelevant. Last, he implies that it shows tolerance and good sense. A brief glance at Toqueville, not to mention Congressional Enquiries, shows that there is no necessary connection between parliamentaryism and either of these desirable qualities.

All these are merely different ways of saying that Mr. Pickles thinks the general political structure of Britain an agreeable one. As a defence of 'western democracy' they are quite unconvincing. He is evidently not interested in the defence of democracy in the revolutionary sense implicit in Aristotle's original definition of a government of the poor, as distinct from the rich. Yet until the mid-nineteenth century this, with its 'levelling tendency that ran in the direction of communism', was in men's minds when the word was used. In the U.S.S.R., eastern Europe, and China it is still so used; nor is the case for it substantially affected by Lord Radcliffe's arguments.—Yours, etc.,

King's College,
Cambridge

E. J. HOBBSAWM

Can Victims of Higher Prices Be Helped?

Sir,—It was refreshing to hear Mr Peter Wiles, in his broadcast on the above subject, raising his voice in favour of 'the creditors on fixed terms, such as private pensioners and the holders of public and private debt' who are also, unfortunately, 'the politically weak'.

There are numbers of retired, honest citizens attempting to exist on a modest pension (to which they have, in many cases, contributed) and on the product of their small savings. In the face of continual wage increases, granted to their fellow-citizens who still remain at work, and in spite of the fact that their little capital has been woefully diminished by depreciation, over which they have no control, nothing whatever has been done for them. It is agreed that they are being unjustly treated but, as they have no political influence, they are left to starve. That was accepted by that most honest of politicians, Mr. Eden, in his televised broadcast of October 16 last; but, to the question, 'Will retirement pensions be increased by a Conservative government?' he replied, 'No, finances won't allow of it'. Has the present Government, then, decided that the retired middle-classes shall be left to perish? How can rises in wages be defended while any increase in pensions (i.e. deferred wages) is refused? In these hard times all citizens should be prepared to tighten the

belt. If pensions must remain static, then wages, salaries, and dividends should also be frozen.

It is certainly a pity that the neglected citizens to whom I am referring (and of whom I am one) are not organised. Only as a solidly organised body could they put their case effectively before the Government and, if necessary, back it up by action. A large group, even of worms, turning all together, could cause a certain amount of inconvenience.—Yours, etc.,

Worthing

FRANK A. HEDGCOCK

Journey in the Middle East

Sir,—It is to be regretted that Mr. Julian Duguid's otherwise admirable talk on the Middle East should have been marred by what can be only considered grave historical inaccuracies.

Mr. Duguid gave his readers the impression that after the first world war the promises made to the Arabs of independence were not implemented. This is completely contrary to the facts. The Arabs, whose name is not confined to the Arabs of Palestine but to the whole Arab people, were given independent kingdoms equal in size to almost the whole of western Europe. How did Mr. Duguid imagine the kingdoms of Iraq or Saudi Arabia or the States of Syria and Lebanon came into being? But opposed to these extensive territories, the Arabs grudged to the Jewish people an area less than the county of Yorkshire.

Another equally inaccurate statement by Mr. Duguid was that the Arabs of Palestine were promised independence. They were not. Palestine was deliberately excluded from the promised settlements. It is true that the ambiguity of the MacMahon Letters may have at first given this impression, but Sir Henry MacMahon himself in a letter to *The Times* of July 23, 1937, denied that the Arabs of Palestine were promised independence. Nor did the Arabs of Palestine participate to any extent in the campaigns of T. E. Lawrence. As in the last war, they were either hostile to the allies or completely indifferent. Furthermore, Mr. Duguid should be reminded that Lawrence was a strong supporter of Zionism and in *Lawrence of Arabia* (Jonathan Cape, 1927), written by his friend Robert Graves, he said that he had got all he wanted. And he went on to say 'Zionist success will enormously reinforce the material development of Arabia, Syria, and Iraq'.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

SIDNEY SALOMON

The Centenary of Turner

Sir,—Tucked away in Mr. Pasmore's excellent letter on Turner, is an entertaining combined-operation of coat-tailing and question-begging: 'His yellow suns . . . do not recede into the picture like a photograph but stick out in front. . . . In this sense he is the precursor of . . . Van Gogh'. If this could promise that some of our modern trick suns might soon set or more modestly become obscured by vapour, as being 120 years behind the times instead of a mere sixty or seventy, who would be disappointed?

Of 'Somer Hill': earlier Turners may be 'scholarly', 'reactionary', and 'romantic'. It is hardly a revelation to call them 'academic' and 'Victorian'. Surely the point to be made is that every derogative contemporary cliché might quite truthfully be applied to this picture, and yet the truth not be told.

'Somer Hill' is topographic, finicking, dirty in tone, 'noble', sentimental, anecdotal, naturalistic, commercial, and dishonest. But we must also say it is a masterpiece. Only Turner, in his 1810 period, could so sublimate a gentleman's seat.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.4

RICHARD MURRY

The Significance of Vilfredo Pareto*

By RICHARD WOLLHEIM

IN the third volume of his great sociological work, the *Trattato di Sociologia Generale*, or *The Mind and Society* as it is known in translation, Pareto discusses at some length the capacity of ideas to influence human conduct. He quotes Sorel's theory of the 'myth' with obvious approval. 'But', he adds, 'since the situation here is not an easy one to grasp, a graph may help to make it clear...'. In the passage which follows we find Pareto, avowedly the pure scientist, one of the pioneers of mathematical economics, in his own eyes the founder of scientific sociology, whose every work begins with a disclaimer of all but the most academic, the most theoretical intentions—we find Pareto, for all this, reproducing the views of the intuitive, the frankly propagandist Sorel: but reproducing them—as if to accentuate the paradox—with all the paraphernalia of scientific exposition. The passage bristles with graphs and diagrams and violent thoughts. All of which gives us in the most striking fashion the distinctive note of Pareto's thought: on the one hand, the devotion to science and scholarship, the cult of detachment, the extreme uncompromising positivism; on the other hand, the admiration for strength and ruthlessness in political life, the scorn for weakness and sentimentality and moral preoccupations. This particular combination of mental attitudes is not infrequently met with in the history of ideas, often passing in the general mind as 'political realism': but with Pareto, both elements of this combination are so thoroughly worked out as to make him a figure of uncommon interest as well as to assure him an important position in the anti-liberal tradition.

The Marquis Vilfredo Pareto was born in 1848, the son of a Genoese nobleman, of Mazzinian sympathies. It was not indeed until 1858 that the family returned to Italy from a voluntary political exile. Like his father, Pareto chose engineering as a profession, a sphere in which he soon distinguished himself. He had, however, always a more than practical interest in economics, and boldly entered the field of controversy as the champion of the free-trade movement—although in political matters he seems to have fallen away at an early age from the family liberalism. Later, about 1890, he became interested in economic theory, and in particular in the new mathematical economics whose foundations had been so recently laid by Cournot and Jevons and Walras. In 1893 he was invited by Walras to Lausanne University: the following year he succeeded Walras in the Chair of Political Economy. For the rest of his life he lived in Switzerland: until 1906 teaching, and then, after his retirement, devoting himself to scholarship and writing. He seems to have led a quiet, meditative, cultured existence, and his writings give ample evidence of a very extensive literary and scientific knowledge. He contributed some articles to a variety of periodicals, including Sorel's *Indépendance* but took no part at all in Italian politics until 1922, when the Fascist Government made him the most extravagant advances. Pareto's attitude to the new regime was on the whole favourable, but he was by this time a declining man. The next year he died and is buried in the little village of Céligny above the Lac de Léman.

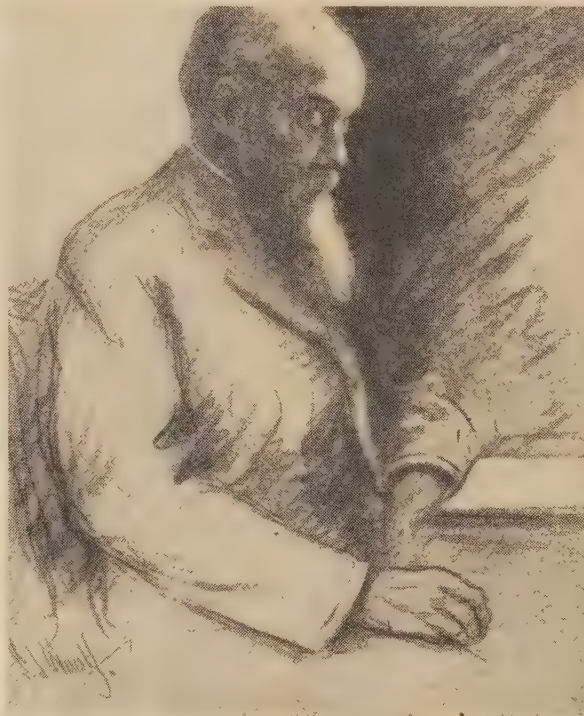
If Pareto's most significant work was done in the field of mathematical economics, it is his social and political thought, which we are

given in a simple, early form in the *Systèmes Socialistes* of 1902 and then in its full prolixity in the *Trattato* of 1916, that has coloured the imagination of our time. At first the relationship between these two aspects of his work is hard to discern. For whereas his economics is in the liberal classical tradition, his sociology contributed greatly to the rising tide of anti-liberalism, to the new anti-classical conception of politics. But Pareto certainly regarded these two sides of his work as complementary aspects of one achievement, each incomplete without the other. For if classical economics was the study of rational activity, then another discipline was needed to study irrational activity: or, more accurately, if economics studied what would happen if man acted rationally, sociology was needed to study what did happen when he acted irrationally. Sociology recorded the divergence between the theoretical models of economics and actual social behaviour.

For insistence on the irrational element in a great part of social behaviour is a fundamental theme in Pareto, and some would even make it his most effective weapon against traditional liberalism. 'All men calculate', Bentham had said, and on this built a whole theory of legislation. In sharp contradiction Pareto claimed that most actions exemplify certain basic instincts or 'residues': and that the greater part of the principles on which they are, or purport to be, based are mere rationalisations or 'derivations'. Yet, though much of what Pareto has said in this connection is very illuminating, as an objection to liberalism the theory of non-logical conduct has, I think, been much overrated. In the first place it suffers greatly from obscurity. The alleged contrast between 'actions based on reason' and 'actions based on emotion' is always highly suspect, and

in particular Pareto's distinction between 'logical' and 'non-logical' conduct betrays a constant shift. At his most modest Pareto by 'non-logical conduct' intends only unconscious, unreflecting actions, actions based on no rule or principle. But gradually he extends the meaning of the term to include more and more different types of actions—actions based on metaphysical principles, actions based on false scientific principles—until in the end the concept is totally pervasive. On this extreme view all actions are automatically non-logical actions: but, by now, the term 'non-logical', by being applicable to all actions, characterises or describes none. All of which gives the impression that a large part of the controversy between Pareto and 'liberal' psychology is not over how people act but rather over how their actions can best be classified. And in this matter, Pareto's suggestions are not particularly helpful for they belong so irredeemably to their place in time, to that period of history when it was held that the proper business of psychology was to draw up an inventory of the basic instincts, appetites, urges of mankind—much as one might list the parts of a machine.

But quite apart from its ambiguity Pareto's psychological theory is scarcely a conclusive argument against liberalism. To see this, indeed, we need only turn to Graham Wallas who, writing at the same time as Pareto and insisting with the same urgency, the same ambiguous eloquence, on the place of instinct and impulse in social life, yet managed to draw from these same psychological premises exactly the opposite political conclusions. For Wallas argued not for the rejection



Vilfredo Pareto (1848-1923)

* The last of five talks on 'The Revolt against Liberalism and Rationalism'

but for the reformulation of liberalism: for a view of politics which encouraged the rational to guide and direct the irrational in the interests of the common good. So in our search for the real kernel of Pareto's anti-liberalism, let us turn from his conception of the ruled to his conception of the ruler.

This we are given in his famous theory of *élites* and their circulation. Every society, we are told, must necessarily consist of an *élite* and a lower stratum. Those who would deny this, who would cling to the possibility of an egalitarian society, are mere fevered dreamers. But though it is inevitable that there be an *élite*, all *élites* inevitably decline. No aristocracy can retain its power for long; it must of necessity become effete, sybaritic, sentimental, increasingly unable, indeed increasingly unwilling to defend its power and its position by all resources at its disposal. Then, as the old *élite* falls into decline and decay, a new *élite* is born in the ranks of the dispossessed ready to assume in the fulness of time the position which is its due by right of initiative and energy. It is a theory that reminds one forcefully of Marx's theory of the class war. Indeed in outline it is that theory shorn of its exclusively economic interpretation and shorn of its optimistic belief in the end of all social conflict with the victory of one particular class. More important still, it is an application of Darwinian ideas to the field of politics. For though it is not easy to talk about the genesis of Pareto's ideas—he was so adroit in the covering up of his intellectual tracks—it is clear that he was heavily indebted to that fund of crude biological notions on which most extremist thinkers of modern times have drawn so freely.

An Enemy to Political Liberalism

And it is at this point that we come up against Pareto's implacable enmity to the teachings of political liberalism. In the *Systèmes Socialistes* he accuses both liberal and socialist utopianism of either ignoring or answering inadequately what is perhaps the most important problem of social organisation: that of the *choix des hommes*, the selection of rulers. The various principles of selection which have been advanced by political thinkers of the past are, on Pareto's showing, invariably obscure, misguided, unworkable, and all open to infinite corruption. In their stead, he advocates a natural selection of rulers, to be effected either by the free circulation of elements between the different classes or else by the violent suppression of one class by another. The struggle for existence, *la lutte pour la vie*, which hung over so much of the finest thought of the nineteenth century like a pall of thick sulphurous smoke, is, for Pareto, the pure bracing air in which alone a society can freely breathe. In the introduction to the *Systèmes Socialistes* he breaks out into a savage romantic paean in praise of the crueller aspects of nature.

Not that Pareto was an uncompromising advocate of violence: on the contrary, like Sorel, he carefully distinguishes between Violence and Force. The use of violent measures is often a sign of weakness. But Force—the ability, the willingness to use all available measures both pacific and violent to achieve one's end—is the mark of a virile *élite*. So Pareto prescribes for society the full rigour of class conflict. 'In any country', he writes, 'change is achieved in a manner most beneficial to the general well-being, if the different social classes exercise themselves to the utmost in defending their rights and safeguarding their interests. If one class deserts its post, not only does it ensure its own ruin, it does harm to the whole nation'.

But passages such as this—and the *Trattato* abounds in them—suddenly bring us face to face with a new and incongruous element in Pareto's thought: a prescriptive element. For all his claims to be the first sociologist who could discriminate between scientific description and moral evaluation, we nevertheless can detect him from time to time unobtrusively slipping from the one activity into the other, from telling us how human beings behave to telling us how they ought to behave. If we seek the point at which this generally occurs, our answer, I think, lies in Pareto's conception of 'social equilibrium'—a conception which indeed provides the key to much of his intellectual development. The discipline which occupied the greater part of his intellectual life, mathematical economics, was undisguisedly based upon the model of mechanics: aiming, as it did, at treating the phenomena of exchange and production in the same highly abstract fashion that had been applied so successfully to the movements of bodies. So it is scarcely surprising that in his economics Pareto employed as his central concept a concept borrowed from mechanics: that of 'equilibrium'. And when in the *Trattato* he came to apply this same technique to yet another

field, that of social and political activity, he took with him this same concept.

But for all his protestations to the contrary, Pareto gradually grafts on to the notion of 'equilibrium' certain normative, certain moral layers of meaning. Whatever conduces to the social equilibrium is desirable and right; whatever tends to disturb it is pernicious and wrong. And it is at this point, it seems to me, that we come up against the most serious challenge that Pareto has to make to the tradition of European liberalism. For here we have a radically different conception of politics. The aim of political activity is no longer to make people happier, richer, wiser, better—these being the various versions of the old liberal ideal: and governments, societies, are no longer to be judged by their success or failure in effecting such an aim. The proper aim of politics is, rather, to achieve an uneasy stability, an aim which can be realised only by the interplay of the different instincts at work in a society and by the restless internecine conflict of class. History, on this view, can offer occasions for heroism, ambition, the sense of glory, but has little time for the rational ordering of social life.

Much of this suggests the conception of politics current in Fascist and Nazi thought. In the so-called *Autobiography* of Mussolini it is said that he attended some of Pareto's lectures and imbibed them eagerly. And in the last years of his life, Pareto received the highest honours and dignities from the new regime. In an official panegyric he is described as 'a confessor of the faith'. But how far does all this reflect a deeper concurrence of attitude?

Certain differences are, I think, immediately apparent. To begin with, for all his insistence on the irrational element in mankind, Pareto was not an anti-intellectualist in the style of the official Fascist philosophy. He had, if anything, an exaggerated reverence for the scientific approach and, in consequence, an exaggerated depreciation of anything that was not science. Again, he remained all his life in questions of economic policy a liberal, an advocate of enlightened *laissez-faire*, and it is problematic whether he would ever have come to accept the developed Fascist policy of autarchy. Finally, he was always anxious to distinguish between his theory of *élites* and the racial and nationalist theories of the day which he regarded as so much unscientific nonsense. Rather, for him the problem of the *choix des hommes* only arose because there are no certain biological marks by which an *élite* can be distinguished. Nor for him are there even any eternal 'psychological requirements that the ruler must satisfy: at different moments of history he must—to use Pareto's typology—be a lion, a fox, a *rentier*, a speculator.

Bonds of Sympathy with Fascism

Yet, when all has been said, the bonds of sympathy between Pareto and European Fascism are considerable. They share the same psychological assumptions, the same indifference to rational organisation, the same insistence on the limits of politics. As a commentator on the political scene Pareto anticipates the shrill tone of Fascist oratory. Everywhere he sees evidence of that *manie sentimentale* which betokens a decadent *élite*: sees it with a certain obsessive perversity in all the causes and watchwords of the day—pacifism, human solidarity, the abolition of the death penalty, the brotherhood of man, the suppression of pornography.

Yet as we read on, what I have called the obsessive perversity begins to exercise a fascination all its own. The interest of Pareto is not to be exhausted by any purely intellectual examination of his views and theories. It resides as much in that curious, soured, clever mind that we can make out on every page of his written work. It resides in the hysteria that lies so close behind the erudition: that at times, indeed, informs the erudition itself, with its wilful admixture of minor classical literature and contemporary 'yellow' journalism, with its persistent hankering after sex and violence. To read Pareto is to understand anew, to understand more deeply than ever before, the political pathology of our times.—*Third Programme*

D. G. Bridson has published a selection of poems and poetic plays, the majority of which have been broadcast by the B.B.C. and on other networks, with a foreword on spoken and written poetry, under the title of *The Christmas Child* (Falcon Press, 12s. 6d.). In the English-Readers' Library, the Oxford University Press offers *On the Air: An Anthology of the Spoken Word*, price 3s. The anthology, which is chosen by R. C. Goffin, includes a number of broadcast talks, most of which appeared in whole or part in THE LISTENER.

On the Disappearance of Colonels

By OSBERT LANCASTER

IT is well that at this season of the year we should think for a moment of those dear ones who have left the contemporary scene forever or are visibly getting ready for departure. I propose this evening, therefore, to consider for a few brief moments the colonel

of fiction. It is, I think, very proper that I should do so, for while the colonel joke has given innocent pleasure to many thousands, to cartoonists it has proved a source of perhaps even greater profit than to novelists or playwrights. So it is as a self-appointed spokesman for all who have exploited this fascinating topic that I now pay my little tribute of research.

Here let me say at once that, for the purposes of this investigation, I am including all those of the rank of major and above, up to and including major-general, as acting colonels. Certain purists would argue that majors and, to a certain extent, brigadiers have in literature and art well-defined characteristics of their own, but it is my view that this is a comparatively late development and in a broad and necessarily hasty survey such as this, we should ignore such subtleties, anyhow for the peak period. Nor do I intend to spend much time on the question of origins, for which, despite my academic attainments, I lack the necessary qualifications. It is arguable, I know, that Chaucer's knight has his Newcome side, and certainly the question 'Was Falstaff ever a colonel?', is one to which keen students of the period eagerly await Professor Dover-Wilson's answer. But I refer to these figures here only because they do display one of the most constant characteristics of the fictional colonel throughout the ages—an uncontrollable tendency to reminisce, and it is this trait which so markedly distinguishes the figure whom I hold to be one of the first fully developed colonels in English literature.

Oliver Goldsmith does not tell us what army rank Mr. Hardcastle may or may not have held, but we are left in no doubt as to the reality of his military experience. His constant references to Prince Eugene are, as it were, the first bars of a refrain which, with the simple substitution of 'the Duke', 'Bobs', 'K of K', or 'Monty', was henceforth to go echoing round the smoking rooms of eternity. Even more familiar is the pride he takes in being out of date: 'I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine', for in literature all true colonels always detest the present—and his fondness for the hearty cliché, 'This is liberty hall, Gentlemen'.

But it is the quality of his anecdotes which

really stamps him as the genuine fourteen-carat article. The story of the grouse in the gun-room, the mere mention of which sends the idiot servant into fits of hysterical laughter, is surely one of the greatest boring stories of all literature. It is a great tribute to Goldsmith that we should instinctively feel this to be so, for in fact we are, quite rightly from the artistic point of view, spared the anecdote itself: the only parallel I can think of to this triumph of suggestion occurs in one of Saki's 'Chronicles of Clovis' where, as you will recall, a nameless colonel is overheard at the beginning of the story launching on the relation of an interesting experience of his Indian career, of which we are privileged to hear only the triumphant conclusion some four pages later—'and what happened to the bandicoot, dear Lady, no one ever knew'. Indeed, some of those with practical experience may think that the vast perspective of boredom which this devastating finale opens up is even more frightening in its implications than that created by the ill-omened phrase 'the grouse in the gun-room'.

On the whole, the eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century colonels, of whom Mr. Hardcastle is typical, are a kindly, even-tempered lot, drooling away, Uncle Toby fashion, by the fire-side. (I except from this generalisation all Irish colonels, very numerous in the literature of the period, as being an interesting sub-species requiring separate consideration.) The irascibility and perpetual liver-trouble which are so marked a feature of the species from the middle of the nineteenth century onwards, I am inclined to attribute to Indian influence. In the earlier period the most typical literary import from our Indian Empire was the 'nabob'; of whom Jos Sedley in *Vanity Fair* is perhaps the most notable example. But during the early part of Victoria's reign, and at a markedly accelerated rate after the Mutiny, these amiable *nouveaux riches* are replaced by regiments of purple-faced, hob-

nailed, military men. As a result of this influx the characteristic benevolence of the earlier type vanishes, and is replaced by a vile temper amounting, in some cases, to downright malignancy.

This metamorphosis received the sanction, and was indeed elevated to a generally accepted convention, by the genius of Dickens. I know of no better corrective to the comfortable assumption that Dickens was a kindly, sentimental, old humorist spreading sweetness and light through the medium of a few stock comic types than the study of Major Bagstock in *Dombey and Son*.

Although Major Bagstock had arrived at what is called in polite literature the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey down-hill with hardly any throat and a very rigid pair of jaw-bones, and long-flapped, elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion



'Mr. Joseph Entangled': Joseph Sedley in one of Thackeray's own illustrations for *Vanity Fair*.



'Joe B. is sly, Sir; devilish sly': Major Bagstock (seated, right) in one of the original illustrations by 'Phiz' for *Dombey and Son*.

in the state of artificial excitement already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with the fiction that she was a splendid woman, who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club: in connection with little jocularities, of which old Joe Bagstock, old Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Josh Bagstock, or so forth was the perpetual theme: it being, as it were, the Major's stronghold and donjon-keep of light humour to be on the most familiar terms with his own name.

'Joey B., Sir', the Major would say, with a flourish of his walking stick, 'is worth a dozen of you. If you had a few more of the Bagstock breed among you, Sir, you'd be none the worse for it. Old Joe, Sir, needn't look far for a wife even now, if he was on the look-out; but he is hard-hearted, Sir, is Joe—he's tough, Sir, tough and devilish sly!' After such a declaration wheezing sounds would be heard; and the Major's blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes strained and started convulsively.

Henceforth strong language and short-temper become the accepted characteristics of all fictional colonels. But in the case of Major Bagstock these are reinforced by other psychological peculiarities which reveal the shrewdness of Dickens' observation and exalt the major far above the level of the cartoonists' creations. The sexual vanity, the false bonhomie, and, above all, the habit of referring to himself in the third person—as sure a sign of the masculine bore as the 'poor little me' gambit is of the female—make Major Bagstock one of the most terrifyingly vivid of all Dickens' creations.

From now on almost all fictional colonels, even those who are intended by their creators to be fundamentally splendid chaps, show the influence of Major Bagstock. It is tempting to think that it was a deliberate attempt to counteract this widespread libel on a most honourable body of men that induced Thackeray, five years after the appearance of *Dombey and Son*, to present Colonel Newcome to the world. Alas, if this was so, the effort was a failure, for that kindly, woolly-headed old bore proved utterly incapable of modifying, let alone changing, the established convention. Colonels in fiction continued peppery, hard-drinking, and addicted to strong language. And as life invariably copies art we must suppose that real-flesh-and-blood colonels adapted themselves to conform to the literary ideal.

For how else can we explain Colonel Assingham in *The Golden Bowl*, Henry James being, as is well known, of all novelists the least concerned with the stock characters of fiction?

But the words just quoted from him presented themselves for the moment as the essence of his spirit and his attitude. He disengaged, he would be damned if he didn't—they were both phrases he repeatedly used—his responsibility. The simplest, the sanest, the most obliging of men, he habitually indulged in extravagant language . . . it harmlessly gratified in him, for his declining years, the military instinct; bad words, when sufficiently numerous and arrayed in their might, could represent battalions, squadrons, tremendous cannonades, and glorious charges of cavalry. It was natural, it was delightful—the romance of camp-life and of the perpetual booming of guns. It was fighting to the end, to the death, but no one was ever killed.

If this was true of Colonel Assingham, I for one, such is my respect for his creator, am prepared to believe that this was also true of his real-life counterparts.

From Henry James to P. G. Wodehouse, from Du Maurier to H. M. Bateman, the convention flourished unassailed, and if it has been modified in recent years this is in no small measure due to the successful accomplishment by a foreign writer of the enterprise attempted by Thackeray—the creation of an acceptable counterblast. It is arguable that Le Colonel Bramble is an even bigger bore than Colonel Newcome, and it is significant that he has now been relegated along with *Tartaran du Tarascon* and *Mon Oncle et Mon Curé* to the outer darkness of the French division of the Lower Fifth. But his influence was enormous, and if the monosyllabic, permanently unruffled type of colonel has not completely driven the old-fashioned, roaring



'Have you killed many men with this sword, Uncle?': Colonel Newcome in one of the original illustrations by Richard Doyle for *The Newcomes*

variety from the pages of modern literature, he has at least attained an equal status.

But it is not only the Colonel Brambles who menace the security of Major Bagstock's progeny, for other influences from overseas are at work. When the only foreign fiction with which English readers were generally acquainted was French the danger was not great, for French colonels are not so markedly different from our own: they usually fall into one of two clearly defined categories. Either they are tall, aristocratic, and have names like Jean-Marie Toussaint Adhemar de Robinet, in which case they are *bons catholiques*, legitimist, and wear monocles; or short and bourgeois with names like Petitjean or Dubois, in which case they are *libres penseurs et franc maçons* and wear steel-rimmed pince-nez. The only exception to this rule which occurs to me offhand is one colonel of Mauriac's, in I think, *La Pharissienne*, whose nonconformity is explained by the fact that he was a Colonel of the Papal Zouaves. The only way in which they differ noticeably from their English opposite numbers is in the variety of their political and religious opinions. For though it is never stated, in English fiction all colonels, without exception, are invariably rather to the right of Sir Waldron Smithers and unquestioningly low-church,

and a left-wing anglo-catholic colonel is quite unthinkable. But with the recent popularity of American fiction a far more disruptive influence than Colonel Bramble is at work. Both time and ignorance forbid my expanding on this theme, which could be treated adequately only by Professor Brogan. But I should just like to point out that apart from southern colonels—who would appear to differ from the Anglo-Indian variety solely in the matter of accent and dress: to judge from illustrations they invariably adopt the somewhat bizarre uniform of old-fashioned frock coat, black wide-awake, and a bootlace bow-tie—there is, in increasing numbers, the neurotic colonel.

In the work of such writers as Carson Macallers, or even Hemingway, the tough fighting man is only too liable to reveal beneath the hard-bitten exterior not just a heart of gold, a development with which we have long been familiar in English fiction, but a mass of complexes which might come as quite a surprise, even to Kraft Ebbing. He is tortured with guilt and may quite conceivably commit some atrocious act, such as writing poetry or seeing the other guy's point of view. Words such as psychosomatic rise as easily to his lips as 'fuzzy-wuzzy' did to those of the boys of the old brigade, and his drinking has a purposeful, oblivion-seeking quality quite alien to the chota-peg tradition. If this type ever gains a firm foothold in our native literature, then the dear, old, familiar, chota-peg-and-damme-Sir colonel, whom we have cherished so long, is doomed to extinction. Major Bagstock may be 'tough, Sir, devilish tough' but one fears he would not last long on the psychiatrist's couch.—*Third Programme*

The Spinner

The spinner with her smile involves
The sinews of the stander-by,
And with her pliant hands she twines
His vital organs in her thread.
Her foot beats out his dance of death;
The wheel revolves and is his fate.
Her eyes regard the dwindling fleece;
His mind is netted in her hair,
And questions 'Is it love or hate?'
As half she sings and half she smiles,
And looks as if he were not not there.
The wheel revolves and is his fate.

JAMES REEVES

The Art of Fine Handwriting

By SEÁN JENNETT

HOW do you write? Is your handwriting easy, legible, and pleasing? If it is not, there is no reason why it should not be, and there are men who are determined to convert it. It is remarkable how much writing there is about writing. The excellencies of fine calligraphy appear to exercise a powerful influence upon the minds of some otherwise normal people, and it drives them, first into the study to perfect their own hands, and then out into the world determined upon the conversion of all and sundry. Their battle cry is that bad writing is bad manners. When we find something urgent delayed by the obscurity of a scribble, when we are like to be poisoned by our doctor's illegible prescriptions, then we are inclined

The invention of Printing from movable types was one of the chief civilization. The task of duplicating texts without variance was the scholar with the accuracy of type. Prejudiced connoisseurs in mass-production of books, but men of letters eagerly hailed the seminating knowledge in permanent form; and the earliest print they superseded in economy, the fine manuscripts of their day. It book, considered as a work of art, achieved in its first decades

Narrow Bembo italics

to agree. But such illegibilities are by no means as frequent as proselytising calligraphers like to pretend; and in any event, there is sometimes pleasure, if hard to describe, in illegible handwriting; as, for example, in Mr. Walter de la Mare's calligrapher-saddening script, or Mr. Norman Nicholson's hair-turning hieroglyphs.

All the same beautiful handwriting is a desirable thing, and it might well be more widely practised than it is. I confess that everyone I know who has a good script is either an artist or a typographer, and therefore interested in line and letter forms anyway, but the thing is not difficult, it requires no seven-years' apprenticeship, no genius or native ability, not even a teacher. All that is necessary is a good example—a written or printed sheet (I recommend Narrow Bembo italics as a model)—some patience and will, and, of course, practice. I think an ordinary cedar pencil is best for the beginner. He will not, of course, produce a perfect script at once; it is better to convert one's hand letter by letter so that the change is hardly apparent. In one month, however, the script will show the difference; in six, comparison should show a very great improvement. And what has the writer gained besides a script that is the envy of his correspondents? He has gained valuable control of his hand, an appreciation of letter forms, and something of an artist's appreciation of line.

Enthusiasts will talk about expensive hand-made papers as though the material for good writing must be far-fetched and rare. Mole, that sensible friend of our childhood, would cry 'Onion sauce!' to this. All that is necessary is a paper with a smooth, hard-sized surface, for such a paper gives easy writing and will not catch in the nib. Many commercial writing papers correspond to this description, varying in cost from the cheap to the expensive. It is not necessary for the writer to know the technicalities of paper.

The kind of script now in fashion is called chancery, and is so named because it was developed in the papal chancery in Rome in the fifteenth century. The possession of this hand was a mark of good breeding here in England in the sixteenth century, and Queen Elizabeth wrote it. Succeeding generations changed it, however, assisted by the engraver, and chancery was replaced by copper-plate, which is hard to do well,

and yet was imposed on generations of children, and is so still. It is interesting to speculate how much of the bad writing of today is copper-plate in despair.

The change to chancery began among artists and calligraphers at the beginning of this century, and it is due, more than anything, to the work of Edward Johnston, the great genius of calligraphy. After fifty years, it cannot be claimed that the movement has achieved a great deal, but the script is coming more and more into use in schools, and it is possible to say that the handwriting of our children is likely to be very different from that of our fathers, and based on better models.

The latest convert to write a book about it is Mr. Aubrey West. Two years ago, Mr. West confesses, he knew nothing about calligraphy. Then he came upon a book by Alfred Fairbank. With great enthusiasm Mr. West began the conversion of his own hand, and now it is a carefully formed chancery; too carefully formed, in my opinion, for fluency, and too pointed and gothic for my taste.

Mr. West's book, *Writing by Hand*,* is a very condensed account of calligraphy from the Romans onward. At the end it contains reproductions of the handwriting of various noble or notable people. Some of it, like that of Captain Scott and Lord Wavell, is poor from the calligraphic point of view, and it is hard to see what it is doing in this book; but there are some beautiful examples also, like that of Mr. Robin Tanner, which shows that there is hope for the left-handed; and those of Miss Pamela Hayman and Mrs. Beatrice Warde, which are enough to demonstrate that the character of the writer is not lost in the script.

Most people like to write with a fountain-pen, and until recently no fountain-pen was made with a nib that suited the calligrapher. For the best and easiest writing the nib should be capable of making both a thick and a thin stroke without variation of pressure. This means a broad, sharp nib—like a chisel.

It was no doubt presumptuous of Mr. West to write a book after so short an experience; and even more so for him to tell the pen manufacturers what to do. Nevertheless, his book is worth attention, and its low price will, I hope, make it accessible. But typographically, a book on calligraphy should be very well done indeed. This book is not at all well done, and this has nothing to do with the low price. It is a pity.

Volteggiando nello Scrivere, Tenendola alquanto di traverso. Onde secondo la uen disposizione di essa penna tenuta in questo modo ne nascono tre tratti naturali.

Chancery script: from *Libro nel qual s'insegna a scrivere*, by G. B. Palatino, Rome, 1544

Sony! This only means the label on the board is yours. wanted The larger ones are about 1945 I think: I can't find anything later, but it doesn't matter, as I'm ashamed to say these are typical of any time.

Before and after: these two hands belong to the same writer, the upper one written in 1945; the lower one, a modern chancery hand, written in 1951

* *Writing by Hand*. By Aubrey West. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Hugo Wolf: A Biography

By Frank Walker. Dent. 36s.

HUGO WOLF is a fascinating subject of study. His life witnessed the Austrian Empire entering on its decline, and the corresponding social changes, though minimal in immediate effect, determined the changed mentality of the subsequent era. This transitional character is apparent in the music of the period: the position of Brahms and of Bruckner, classics by disposition and romanticism in methods, is significant but 'Tristan's' disturbing insistence on the need of a reform in musical language is no less symptomatic. The stage was set for Schönberg's new conception of a possible tonal reorientation and Stravinsky's new constructivism of emancipated rhythm: yet the curtain would not rise until well after Wolf's death.

What was Wolf's position in the currents of his times? Though a fierce antagonist of conservative tendencies, he was no revolutionary, and his harmony and counterpoint, although advanced in idiom, do not display particularly individual features. His name will remain associated with the song, the *Lied*, even more so than Schubert's, because the Schubert of the symphonies, of the string quartets, and of the piano music are equal to, perhaps even greater than, the Schubert of the *Lieder*. Wolf's instrumental music—some of which, like the 'Italian Serenade', is so delicate and graceful—is too fragmentary and quantitatively small to be considered more than a by-product of his *corpus* of songs. The form, understood as a *Gesamtkunstwerk* of poetry and music, attained perfection in his hands: 'The musician stood at the service of the poet, offering the resources of his art to illuminate the words and recapture the emotions that had inspired them', as Mr. Walker puts it; and the perfect fusion of poetic and musical expression consistently attained by Wolf will secure immortality for his music.

His life was entirely dominated by the demon of his creative spirit. Coming from a tolerably well-off middle-class family, his youth was reasonably happy: his father was on the whole not unsympathetic to the artistic inclinations of his son, probably because of his own thwarted ambitions. The boy's precocity showed itself in his insubordination at school, and later at the Conservatory which he had to leave after only two years. Henceforth he had to rely on his own resources, and the opportunities for a musician to earn a living in those days were few. He was an impatient teacher; his outspokenness as a music critic made powerful enemies who effectively retarded the recognition of his genius.

An inexperienced young man, he was exposed to the dangers of the capital, and the disease he contracted ultimately led him to an asylum and was the cause of his death. It seems more than probable that the progress of this disease affected his creative powers: for outbursts of feverish activity alternated with periods of complete blackout of inspiration. As a personality he was of an impulsive and unstable temperament, excitable, and egoistic often to the point of tactlessness; but there could be no doubt of his artistic honesty.

The appearance of Mr. Walker's book is an event of the first order; not only because it is the most complete record in existence of that unhappy composer, but also because of its intrinsic literary qualities. Mr. Walker is obviously unwilling to accept statements uncritically, even if their authority is held to be unassailable. He has re-examined the existing sources, and was also fortunate to secure a large

quantity of previously unknown or inaccessible documents which contained important biographical material. His concern for accuracy explodes popular fallacies with scarcely disguised relish; he notes the exact altitude of the 'Hochberg' (on page 202), a favourite spot of Wolf's in the 'Wienerwald', and his painstaking accuracy is displayed most advantageously in establishing the chronology of Wolf's compositions. Although the composer had a laudable habit of dating his sketches and manuscripts, this was not invariably the case, and Mr. Walker was obliged to collate evidence found elsewhere. The outcome is a *catalogue raisonné*, which he cautiously believes to be 'as exhaustive . . . as can be prepared today'.

In addition to its musicological value, the book has exceptional literary merits purely as a biography. Mr. Walker's picture of Wolf's highly complex personality can hardly be bettered. He always preserves his detachment, and is often critical of his subject's less favourable actions and behaviour as we notice in his disapproving description of Wolf's relations to his friends. Wolf's antagonism to Brahms is well known, and as Mr. Walker seems to share this allergy, these passages impart a certain vigour to the book. But Mr. Walker's disparaging criticism of certain German romantic poets (Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Kleist) are disputable. One cannot refrain, also, from voicing regret on one point, in spite of Mr. Walker's explicit disclaimer: a chapter dealing with the musical conditions of the period, with Wolf's musical ancestry and his own relation to the tendencies of the day would have been of great value. Nevertheless, Mr. Walker's first book is a landmark in musicology.

Turkish Delights. By Marie Noële Kelly. Country Life. 18s.

Lady Kelly, as many readers of her book will remember, had a distinguished predecessor in Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose letters from Turkey were written more than two hundred years ago. Both ladies lived in Turkey as the wives of British ambassadors, and both found much to delight them in the country and the people. Here the resemblance ends, since the interests and the outlook of the two writers are widely apart. Lady Mary's Turkey was a country of exotic mystery, and she revelled in observing the life of a people still living in the atmosphere of the Arabian Nights, and quite unconscious of the decline which threatened the power of their state and their traditional culture.

Modern Turkey has eagerly embraced the ways of the west and her outlook is practical, utilitarian, and progressive, yet Lady Kelly did not find her drab or commonplace. She was able to range widely over Asia Minor and to visit places like Erzurum and Trabzon which are not easily accessible to travellers. She writes with charm and distinction of the varied landscape, and of the monuments of the past with which the country is so richly endowed. We are apt to forget that much of Anatolia is classical soil, and we are glad to be reminded that Ankara is not only the capital of a modern state but also the home of the *Monumentum Ancyranum* on which Augustus Caesar caused the record of his achievements to be inscribed. The site of Troy, Miletus, Priene, and Aspendos speak eloquently of the Greek past which the coming of the Turks did not obliterate. But the newcomers created new art-forms, and everywhere there are the mosques and *tekkes* and *medreses* of the Seljuks

and the Ottomans contrasting with the severer forms of ancient art yet beautiful in their own right. Lady Kelly's scholarly and sensitive account of the treasures of Istanbul and Anatolia is enriched with a series of admirable photographs. Some readers will regret that she does not tell us more of the life of the people; perhaps she will give us her impressions of the men and women of modern Turkey in another volume.

A. J. Mundella, 1825-1897: The Liberal Background to the Labour Movement. By W. H. G. Armytage. Benn. 30s.

Anthony John Mundella is in these days hardly more than a name, even to most historians; and it is perhaps significant that he is usually remembered by his initials, rather than by a Christian name. He did sterling work in a number of fields; he held important government offices, he became involved, through no real fault of his own, in a scandal which required his resignation from the Liberal Cabinet in 1894; and he was an eminently suitable figure for caricaturists, who could make good play with his beak nose and big black beard. But he never captured either the public imagination or a place in the inner circle of Liberal politics. He remained always rather aloof, working ceaselessly for good causes in which he believed with enthusiasm, but with too little taste for the social side of politics or for intrigue to become a 'great man' in the House of Commons, and too much tendency to hobnob with the lower classes not to be suspect of being much more radical than he actually was.

His greatest enthusiasm was always for education, which was not a popular cause when it was pursued for its own sake, with a scorn for the sectarians on both sides. Next in order was his whole-hearted advocacy of trade unions, as the necessary foundation for good industrial relations and the settlement of disputes by friendly bargaining, rather than by the lock-out or the strike. Third came his belief in factory legislation, for which he fought consistently throughout his career. But at the same time he was a steady friend to his fellow-employers, losing no chance of pushing their cause in parliament, and believing steadfastly in capitalism as the beneficent force making for high production and prosperity. It was in the interests of the general body of manufacturers and traders that he fought his series of battles against the railway monopolists; and certainly no man did more than he to promote the interests of Sheffield industries and municipal development.

Mundella sat for Sheffield continuously from 1868, when he beat Roebuck, until his death in 1897. But he was not a Sheffield man: it was in Nottingham that he made his name and fortune as a highly progressive stockinger and as a leading figure in local affairs. There too he succeeded in getting set up, in 1860, the first successful conciliation board for settling disputes in the hosiery trade—the model for many later developments of collective bargaining. This is the achievement by which he is now best remembered; and it was the first of many occasions on which he successfully intervened to bring an industrial dispute to a conciliated end. He was for the rest of his life the active friend of many leading trade unionists—of Applegarth, Odger, Howell, Broadhurst, and many others—and in spirit the leader of that 'Lib-Lab' alliance

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ILLUSTRATED

1s. 6d.

which provided the trade unions with their parliamentary apprenticeship. But much more than this, he was the leader in the fight for technical education and for the improvement of elementary education within the limits of the compromise embodied in the Forster Act of 1870. This involved him, both as Vice-President of the Council for Education from 1880-1885 and when he was out of office, in a continual struggle with the tory advocates of church schools, but also in a constant lesser war with the more determined nonconformists and with the out-and-out advocates of secular education. He had also to do what he could to remove the disastrous effects of Lowe's 'payment by results' code, and to advance towards his goal of compulsory, free education, better pay, status, and qualifications for teachers, and the development of a widespread and efficient system of technical education. These were hard struggles, and Mundella waged them selflessly and without remission. He richly deserves much more credit than he usually gets for helping to raise the quality as well as the quantity of public educational provision.

Mr. Armytage has done his job thoroughly in giving a detailed and well-documented account of Mundella's public activities in all their variety. He has been much less successful in presenting a picture of Mundella as a man. Indeed, this book has hardly anything to say about Mundella's private life, and very little even about the personal aspects of his public activities. Mundella's nose and beard appear again and again; but his warm-heartedness and his personal feelings and friendships get overlaid by the impersonal aspects of his career. Maybe, this is in part the consequence of Mundella's own personality, proceeding from the same sources as his failure to make a greater impact on his contemporaries. But it is also in part the consequence of Mr. Armytage's determination to make his account of Mundella's public career demonstrate as fully as possible its significance in the social history of the time, by bringing out the extent to which he embodied the thesis that the interests of capital and labour could be reconciled. Mr. Armytage clearly feels a keen sympathy for the 'Lib-Lab' attitude of which he treats Mundella as the embodiment; and he succeeds in showing that Mundella's work for the recognition of Trade Unions and the development of industrial conciliation played a most important part in the softening of class-antagonisms between the decline of Chartism and the rise of Socialism and New Unionism after 1889. Indeed, this book, despite its defects of writing and its occasional dullness, fills a gap in Labour history that badly needed to be filled.

Recollections of Three Reigns

By Sir Frederick Ponsonby.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

Sir Frederick Ponsonby, later Lord Sysonby, was clearly possessed of so many good qualities—courage, resourcefulness, common sense, and charm, to name only a few—that one might seem wanting in appreciation if one complained of what he has given us in his book, more especially when the substance of the complaint is that the book is not other than it purports to be—a book of recollections. All the same, when a man has served three monarchs (Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V) as equerry, assistant private secretary, or Keeper of the Privy Purse, and at the end of it all decides rightly or wrongly to set down his memories, one surely looks for something more than appears in these pages. Human curiosity being what it is, one might expect disclosures of palace life as it is really lived—disclosures that if not startling or wholly indiscreet would at least reveal the springs of

human action and something of the interplay of forces that centre on the throne. Or, setting aside human curiosity, one might expect some reflections on the role of monarchy and the secret of its ability over the years to adapt itself to changing conditions. Would this have been asking too much of Sir Frederick? Apparently it would. For what we are treated to here is a seemingly endless succession of 'amusing incidents', anecdotes, scraps of conversation, and innocent little stories about how the King collided with an American in the lift, or how a grand piano was moved, or how the author helped the ex-Empress Eugenie into a pinnace. The best passages in the book are those in which the narrative is more or less consecutive: for example, the description of the Queen's funeral or some of the accounts of King Edward VII's visits to European capitals.

The thinness of much of what is written here may, one supposes, be excused on the ground that it gives nothing away and in no wise detracts from the myth or mystery which, as Sir Frederick was at pains to declare, should always surround royalty. But was the book in that case worth publishing? The answer may well be yes, because it affords pleasant light reading and offers glimpses of court life in conditions very different from those of our own day. Nevertheless the record is in sum a disappointment.

Reflections on the Constitution

By H. J. Laski.

Manchester University Press. 12s. 6d.

'The text of these lectures . . . is stamped with his personality, and even with the accent and manner of his delivery'—thus the prefatory note to this volume. How right it is. The first and strongest reaction that these pages invite is a sharp awareness of the warm, crusading, darting and adventurous personality of their author, an awareness that turns quickly into regret at the thought that he is no longer with us and that this is the last volume we may expect from his pen. We are warned that the lectures are reprinted as they were delivered and never received any final revision. They stand nevertheless as a finished and rounded expression of Laski's reflections on this familiar theme—in so far, that is, as those epithets can ever be applied to Laski's thought.

It is interesting to compare these final *Reflections* with the *Parliamentary Government in England* of twelve years earlier. Many of the old heresies persist. He still believed Liberals and Conservatives before 1914 were merely 'a single party divided into two groups'. 'If it be said that Liberals and Tories were deeply divided both on Ireland and the House of Lords, I think the answer is that this was not really the case'. What a comfort it would have been to the battling Mr. Gladstone, had he realised this, in the Home Rule struggles of the '80s and '90s! And of course we are warned once again of the risk that 'great financial and industrial power' will 'prevent the will of the electorate being made effective by the Government of its choice'—a familiar Laski bogey. But what is really significant about this book is the muting of these old battle cries and the ripeness and balance of judgment which characterise almost all the discussion, while leaving it as free as ever from the vagueness and pomposity against which Harold Laski waged such unceasing conflict. To take only one example: if one wants to see pricked the grandiose bubble of cabinet reform along the lines of a cabal of 'super ministers' one cannot better the analysis and criticism provided here in pages 120-152, where Mr. Amery's views on the structure of the cabinet are subjected to a searching examination and rebuttal, not in a *priori* terms but by reference to proved administrative experience.

Some of the prophecies of this volume have come strangely and swiftly to pass. Mr. Churchill and Lord Leathers will be surprised to find endorsement here for the appointment of a Minister 'whose relation to departments like those of Transport, Fuel and Power, and of Supply, may come closely to resemble that of the Minister of Defence to the three service Departments'. It is also piquant to discover that the author did 'not think it important that, from time to time, a minority of the electoral votes should give a party a majority of seats: so that it is able to form a government'. There are texts here for a final assessment of Laski the constitutionalist to be set side by side with the more familiar figure of Laski the revolutionary. The co-existence of these two personalities was responsible for much of his vitality while he lived; something of their charm persists in these pages now that he is gone.

Boswell's Column. Introduction and Notes by Margery Bailey.

William Kimber. 21s.

In 1765, while travelling in Italy, Boswell wrote, at Milan, 'in a gay flow of spirits', the first of what he intended should be a series of essays. His recall to Scotland interrupted the project, but it was to flower later. In 1771 he had acquired an interest in the *London Magazine*, and with the issue of October 1777 'The Hypochondriack' began. For nearly six years he wrote a regular anonymous monthly essay in this periodical, the seventieth and last being printed in August 1783, when he was forty-three. The essays were, therefore, the conscientious work of a mature man and practised writer, not a youthful adventure.

How valuable are they? How characteristically Boswellian? It might seem, at first blush, that so flourishing a form as the eighteenth-century essay would suit his talents admirably. He had read Bacon and Montaigne; was a sturdy admirer of *The Rambler*; had almost as much experience of life as Goldsmith; understood what style meant as illustrated by Addison and Steele. Who would not expect exciting entertainment from his 'lucubrations' on Cookery, Pleasure, Suicide, Diaries, Executions (this last to one reader a perpetual astonishment) and hasten with lively interest to those important human concerns that demand three or four consecutive essays for their elucidation—Love, Death, Drinking, Country Life, Marriage? Yet turning the pages we are soon conscious of expecting too much. What mainly holds our attention are the references, thinly disguised, to figures in his circle and those rarer happenings and anecdotes that might find a place in his *Journal*. As essayist he has, to adopt Milton's phrase, the use only of his left hand. In becoming oracular he has drawn a veil between himself and us. What in his *Journal* is animated, vigorous, and sharp in outline has now too often become stilted, sententious, and wandering. He has surrendered too much of himself. We cannot help reading these essays with the great *Life* and the *Journal* in mind, and we miss, in particular, the confident ease of attack and the brilliant conversations.

Yet second thoughts make us reflect that, given this partial eclipse of self, Boswell has done better than might have been expected. When he writes of these essays, 'I perceive they are not so lively as I expected they would be: but they are more learned', his claim is supported by the range of his reading in both classical and modern literature. His quotations and allusions may not always be accurate, but he is, even by the standards of his day, a well-read man. He found it best, like Johnson, to write against time, 'with rapid agitation'. He is anxious that his 'considerable portion of original thinking' shall not

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pass unnoticed. This example of his style, from the essay 'On Diaries', is perhaps of two-fold interest:

The importance of a man to himself, simply considered, is not a subject of ridicule; for, in reality, a man is of more importance to himself than all other things or persons can be. The ridicule is, when self-importance is obtruded upon others to whom the private concerns of an individual are quite insignificant. A diary, therefore, which was much more common in the last age than in this, may be of valuable use to the person who writes it, and yet if brought forth to the public eye may expose him to contempt, unless in the estimation of the few who think much and minutely, and therefore know well of what little parts the principal extent of human existence is composed.

Dr. Bailey is no doubt right in thinking that the writing of these essays was rather an act of self-discipline than a bid for fame. Boswell aspired to be a man of settled principle and orderly life. Here he faces current problems. In addition, hypochondria (which is rather disappointingly dealt with in four of these essays) might be dispelled. This malady for Boswell, was something more frightening than melancholy or spleen. What he feared was madness: and it is well to remember that his brother John was for periods violently deranged, and in confinement.

In 1781 Boswell sent his friend Sir William Forbes forty numbers of 'The Hypochondriack' asking for critical comment as he intended to publish them as a book. They were returned to

him in 1787, but by then he was absorbed in his *Life of Johnson*. The essays were first collected and edited by Dr. Margery Bailey in two handsome volumes published in 1928 by the Stanford University Press. It is an edition of note, elaborately though not pedantically annotated, with valuable prefatory matter that fills nearly a hundred pages. For this present reprint, with its catchpenny title (and misleading preparatory advertisement in the press) Dr. Bailey has written a new introduction of six pages and her notes have been ruthlessly pruned by another hand. For the general reader that may be no great disadvantage: it is certainly an advantage to be able to buy for a guinea the core of what cost fifteen dollars twenty-three years ago.

New Novels

Lucy Carmichael. By Margaret Kennedy. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

December Bride. By Sam Hanna Bell. Dobson. 10s. 6d.

The Troubled Air. By Irwin Shaw. Cape. 15s.

IN the Christmas Book Number we discovered Mr. Herbert Read raising his eyes from a book about D. H. Lawrence to announce 'the general bankruptcy of fiction, and of fiction publishers'. We trust that this uncomfortable reference to the Official Receiver was induced by nothing more than a mood of passing gloom, following over-indulgence in a writer whose only trouble was that he had not clashed enough cymbals at Naxos—unlike Swinburne, of whom Max Beerbohm used the phrase when describing how the poet would, in his years of retribution, look forward eagerly to his daily bottle of Pale Ale. If there be any truth, however, in Mr. Read's observation I suggest that one large reason may be that when people are secure they like to read about disaster, and when they are on the verge of disaster they like to hear about universal happiness; and, alas, it seems to be almost a sin against good taste nowadays for anybody to write a happy book. *Lucy Carmichael* is a happy book. It is a Book Society choice. It will probably be deservedly popular and make a lot of money for everybody concerned. Let us look into this exception to Read's Law.

A contemporary novel, it has more of the air of the happy, happy 1930s than any book I have read since my last murder-thriller; that is to say, it is written in a mood of determined belief in the goodness of human nature, with the correct allowance to Evil of one villain, and to Realism of one stinker, carefully kept out of sight. The class war is given centre-stage, but the Lower Orders, as is right, are treated more in sorrow than in anger, and the conversion of one of them, a Welshman, is imminent—this is a brilliant little portrait: the genuine dark Celt eager to take offence and sturdily reluctant to relinquish any grievance, however imaginary. There is plenty of happy fun and girlish chatter. Love wins through.

The tale is simple. In chapter one, Lucy's stinker fails to turn up for the wedding, which makes us happy, but sympathetically on the pore gal's side for the next two hundred pages, during which she retires to work in an Intellectual Institute, or Highbrow Hall, or People's Palace down in Severnshire, originally established by the late Sir Matthew Millwood, a self-made man hungry for Culture, and now run by a committee headed by his widow, Lady Frances, who is happily unaware that there are now no Poor towards whom she may be bountiful, so that The Lump, as the place is called,

caters for practically nobody. Intrigues, mild excitements, a play, a dance, a flirtation keep us going happily, wondering whether Lucy will or will not marry young Charles Millwood. In the end, Hayter, the *éminence grise* of the Lump, packs a meeting with happy proletarian voters who take over control, expel Lady Frances and happily proceed to degrade the whole Institution to the level of Bebo and Walkathons. Lucy now happily retires to Lincolnshire where her dear friend Melissa Hallam is happily married. She seems about to decline happily into an old maid but in the very last two pages she happily meets the young man whom Melissa had wished her friend to marry from the start, her brother Humphrey Hallam, cheerfully answering to the name of Hump.

I must confess that I read this novel with eyes moist with happy tears and green with envy at its apparent effortlessness. For, though Miss Kennedy may have written her novel in great spiritual stress, the impression, the soothing impression, is of a vacuum cleaner gently humming on its way, never making any rattle greater than the suction of an intractable hairpin. I can imagine a Frenchman reading this novel with his eyes popping. '*Bon Dieu!*' he would cry, throwing out his hands, 'What is this all about? a young lady is jilted. Good! Very good! But nothing happens! She goes to a big school called the Lump, and she ends by meeting a young man called Hump! No analysis, no philosophy, no revelation! Hein?' I can imagine a Russian professor reading *Lucy Carmichael* solemnly in Nijni Novgorod and reporting in gloom to his masters that any people who could acclaim such a novel in the year 1952 must be impregnable. An Italian could only blow out the fattest of cheeks and decide that Messrs. Macmillan have been subsidised by the Vatican. I confess that, however shamefacedly, I enjoyed every bit of it. It is so splendidly English; so modest so kindly, so reticently domestic—there is one baby coming and a dog called Collins, addressed as 'my dotey dear', but no mention of shortages, rationing, or Russians. Yet if anybody had pointed an accusing finger at me, like an advertisement about halitosis, and said, 'Would YOU marry Lucy Carmichael?', I could only reply: 'Do you mean that nice girl who is always saying, "When I was at the Lump?"' Meaning that the characters are cyphers from whom everything is omitted except that they are sweet and kind and good.

In short we are a very long way here behind

Emma. This is the pre-Jane Austen novel; anterior to Irony and Insight, Objectivity and Analysis, Ruthlessness and Exposure, and all those other things which may have bankrupted publishers but which have made the novel. Is this the secret of success—or one secret? Is it sad truth that you cannot write a Jane Austen novel in a no-Jane-Austen world, but you can write a pre-Jane-Austen novel in a post-Jane-Austen world?—if you try hard enough; and we will believe in it by a shame-faced connivance, hungry for happy memories of days when Russia meant nothing but snow, and volcanoes were still scenery.

How different from Sam Hanna Bell's *December Bride*! True, sombre; few readers, no money? Yet, this faithful novel of Ulster life, which possibly owes something to the work of Shan Bullock, something to Hardy, and something to the growing nationalism of the Six Counties, contains some firm character-drawing, excellent natural descriptions of lakeside country, the manners and customs of the North of Ireland, the round of the seasons, the dour morality of a people as distinct from their southern fellow-countrymen as chapel is from church. What is missing is humour and variety, but chiefly some ultimate significance beyond realistic veracity. Our French reader might here, also, say: 'Very true, no doubt! *Mais, après?*'

It is far otherwise with Irwin Shaw's *The Troubled Air*, a long American novel about a broadcasting company which wishes to sack five good artists on the suspicion of their being Reds. In this our Frenchman would be most interested. Here are reason, meaning, importance, ideas, politics. We might add, 'But why make a novel about it? What has fiction added to the facts?' All one can say is that it adds—or rather could add—to the weight of a pamphlet on Communist witch-hunting the force of a parable on democracy. But one must say 'could', because it scarcely does so. Mr. Shaw has neither the partisan passion of a Harriet Beecher Stowe nor the equivocal skill of a Koestler. Our intellects and our emotions are insufficiently engaged.

I have the uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Shaw has not dared to let himself go, so that while we gather a good deal from his novel about American ideas on liberty of speech we gather it not from his success in making his points so much as from his cautious failure to make them clearly.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

The Old-Fashioned Look

TO GIVE SOMEONE OR SOMETHING 'an old-fashioned look'—how admirably does the phrase, especially in its cockney sense of disapprobation, sum up what I often fear is my attitude to the television screen: in the cockney sense, and also in the sense that I am perhaps out of date in my reaction, relating what I see to masterpieces of the cinema or the stage. It may be that your ideal television viewer never sees anything but television. The house-bound and bedridden perhaps acquire a special set of values undisturbed by the more assured effects of competing media. But I suspect that if many of the television audience are innocent in the matter of the living stage, most of them, the children at least, visit the cinema constantly and indeed look upon television as a cheaper substitute, not so good, to be sure, but better at least than dreary old reading from a book! I wonder if such viewers feel, as I do, a most distressing lack of interest in *revivals* of television plays? The point seems to me of cardinal importance. Revival is the test of a good film, as repetition is of a gramophone record. I am a fanatical amateur of films and records—silent films and pre-electric records even. Why, then, should I feel reluctance about disturbing what memories I still retain of television plays barely a week cold in the grave?

The reason seems to be this; that television drama at present quite alarmingly lacks style; and it is finally only style which acts as a preservative. Not that matter (or content) is really more important than manner. But it is manner or 'art' which makes *War and Peace* (or Griffith's great film 'Intolerance') still live for us in a way yesterday's newspaper does not. Like the evening paper, such-and-such a tele-

vision play was welcome at the time—interesting, perhaps affecting, adequately done for the most part; but after a week or so, what is left, what scene, what gesture, what siting of the drama do you feel sure would communicate with you 'inevitably' if the piece were revived? Might not some *other* way of doing it turn out quite as good, just as any anonymous journalist's 'write-up' of a storm might do quite well if you wanted to refresh your memory about the snows of yesteryear? Television which lives by and for the 'actuality', cannot really have it

at a New Year's Day sing-song at the Nuffield Centre, where the quality of the variety show presented, though in fact excellent (Larry Adler playing Debussy on the mouth organ and a marvellous conjuror), was not the point; the point was the audience, the sense of occasion and the high spirits. So, too, with circuses and pantomimes, on ice or on toast; their intrinsic goodness or badness was much less important than the actuality of the thing; indeed, the between whiles, backstage interviews with the performers was sometimes the best part of it.

Skating is delightful to watch; the speed of movement takes the heaviness out of human life; it is against nature, and exhilarates in the same way therefore as ballet or cartoon films. We saw the ice from several different angles, and there was abundant style in the skating itself. But from the mild switching from one camera to the other, the least ambitious sort of editorship, are we really supposed to deduce that the presentation of a television pantomime on ice is an art? As well say that watching a ballet through opera glasses or hearing a time-signal over the telephone made these useful instruments into an art form.

However, I do not want to suggest that there was no discernible style in the fortnight's plays. Joy Harington's 'The Holly and the Ivy' did indeed possess much of it; though the inevitable comparison with the sound radio version of this play was not flattering to television.

All the same it was an enjoyable production, and the play itself has real values, and incidentally shows us a family group where there appears to have been some reading done from time to time and where the talk implies some degree of education.

One could hardly say anything of the kind about 'For Better or Worse', with its suburban echoes of the great inane, or about



'Spring Fantasy', by the Parvo Puppets, in the programme for children televised on December 28

both ways. It is journalism and not art, and though the twain can and frequently do mix, we shall get nowhere by pretending that a television play need always be a work of art, subject to the laws which govern the arts or the criticism of them.

The pleasures of the last fortnight, which have been considerable, have often been wholly inartistic in the finest sense: I mean, looking in



'Milestones', by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock. Left to right: Dulcie Gray as Rose Sibley, Michael Denison as John Rhead, Renée Kelly as Mrs. Rhead, Michael Ward as Ned Pym, Anthony Oliver as Samuel Sibley, and Mary Mackenzie as Gertrude Rhead



Scene from 'The Sire de Maletroit's Door', in the television programme of December 30: adapted from the short story by R. L. Stevenson. Left to right: Josephine Griffin as Blanche, Alan Wheatley as Sire de Maletroit, and Robin Lloyd as Denis

the Crippenesque lovers of 'They Fly by Twilight', though this piece by Paul Dornhorst had some strong theatrical virtues, a good ear for working-class idiom, many admirable touches in Stanley Haynes' creation of verisimilitude, and, of course, the enormous appeal of wife-murder.

To do the Department justice, it does also show us marriages neither murderous nor inane. Priestley's 'When We Are Married' came up well, in its own rather heavy, Yorky, poke-in-the-ribs way. Frank Pettingell had a fine old time. And the situation is inherently amusing, wherein long-married couples discover that they are after all *not* married. This leads to wigs on the green in the best style (that word again!).

For those who like married life more refined there was dear old 'Milestones', with the lady-like Miss Dulcie Gray and the gentlemanly Michael Denison, her real husband in real life as well, which makes it so much nicer, doing the honours very ably. This might be called wigs on the screen, for the matter of growing old is even more acute in television than in cinema close-up, where hours can be spent on make-up. Here the couple had to grow old and young all too quick. Even among critics of television, gibbering senility seems premature at forty!

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Mental Fight

CECIL TROUNCER HAS the kind of wise Grinling Gibbons voice that many authors must bless. He can chisel the phrases, shaping them, as it were, into carved leaf and flower. It is not a voice that sighs away into silence. It lends weight and dignity to a speech. It claims attention. In fine, it is the perfect voice for the man, Charles Morgan's creation, whose integrity is the key to the novel of *The Judge's Story*, turned into a radio version (Home) by John Richmond. Here broadcast drama in 1951 reserved a major performance until the last hours. I had doubted the effect of the book upon the air. Without Morgan's grave prose it might seem to be no more than a tall story. But, thanks to the care of the adapter, who had kept closely to the text; of the producer (Mary Hope Allen), and of all her cast, Mr. Trouncer especially, the piece came through as an absorbing battle of character. We could readily believe in Sir William Gaskony, in his projected book on Periclean Athens, in his enforced change of life, in his ultimate deep calm.

The play could have sounded priggish. It was always warm and lucid, with several performances to sustain it: those, for example, of Edward Chapman, forcible as Severidge, the rebel, the man without integrity; and of Hermione Hannen and Hugh Burden. The passage of the Rodd's Club. wager over the copy of *Marius the Epicurean* became surprisingly persuasive. Later, we had the true flavour of that room in Cliftonville, the Judge's last lodgings ('I am happy as I have never been'). Charles Morgan seldom ceases from mental fight, from searching and refining. But even if stray passages here reminded one of Rebecca West's wicked parody of an earlier novel—'The landscape round the station was looking, as landscape usually did when he was about, calm and high-principled'—the piece impressed itself very soon and did not slip away. Indeed, once Cecil Trouncer had begun to shape and direct Gaskony, the night was his.

There was a milder battle between good and evil in Laurence Kitchin's 'Bruno' (Home). Forty minutes was almost too much for this anecdote of Sapper Brown, on service in Italy. When, on one evening only, he ceased from mental fight to go into Naples, he became for a few moments a 'front-line wallah' by mistake.

The play needed stronger definition: it was an amusing affair, but in recollection it has gone fuzzy.

Another mental fight. R. Simpson came up, with C. Hobbs, to help S. Potter in one of the 'Lifemanship' lectures (Third). I thought that S. Potter, darting a sinister glance at Christmas, began more laboriously than usual, but he flared up in the right way in his note on Beaded Bubbleship. From a busy week I remember the taut voice of David Markham in a version of the excellent Croft-Cooke novel, *Three Names for Nicholas* (Home); a quick, fierce blast of 'Music-Hall'; and the feeling, during 'Take It From Here' (Light) that we had strayed into a private party which was having a high old time, and is probably still roaring along in some secret and festive studio. I must join it again at an appropriate moment.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Tutti-Frutti

WHAT EXACTLY IS and what isn't a Feature Programme? Is the term a vague one or is it my ignorance of the technical terms of broadcasting that fogs me each time I set about criticising any programme which deviates from the one-man talk and the discussion? I listened last week to two of such. Each might have been presented as a straight talk or a reading, and each, in deviating from this simple method of presentation, differed so widely in kind from the other that I feel the need of words to describe succinctly their respective types. Both were Home Service programmes, one, 'Dare to be Free', by Major W. B. Thomas, produced by Marjorie Banks; the other, 'Beetles', written and produced by Nesta Pain.

The first was a version adapted for broadcasting by the author, a New Zealand officer, from his recently published book describing his escape from the Germans, after their invasion of Crete, to Mount Athos and thence across the Aegean to Turkey and liberty. The programme lasted an hour, and it was an hour of unflagging interest richly spiced with thrills. I have not read Major Thomas' book, but this potted version was well written and well constructed and, as usual, I find myself speculating on whether it would have been less or even more effective as a plain talk. It is a question which can be settled only by putting it to the proof.

Meanwhile, there are things to be said for and against the method actually employed. The variety introduced by sounds and dialogue no doubt makes listening easier, even if only by keeping the listener alert, rescuing him from the mesmeric effect of a single voice which in the course of an hour might submerge sense in mere soothing sound. But when it comes to dialogue translated from a foreign language the direct method introduces an incongruity which the narrative form avoids. I found it impossible to accept wholeheartedly that blend of Old Testament and Latin exercise English in which the monks of Athos made themselves understood to us: for a moment, at least, credulity flagged and I was transported from Mount Athos to Wardour Street. In a narrative, on the other hand, these violent transportations can be avoided by means either of that bugbear of my school days called *oratio obliqua* or various other mitigating devices. I reflected, too, as I bowed my head to the dive-bombing with which the programme opened, that narrative would have managed this less noisily and, with a skilled writer, quite as convincingly. All the same, the impression of the German invasion of Crete was, I must admit, most convincingly presented.

In the matter of production, I couldn't

help feeling that Major Thomas and his fellow-prisoners giggled too frequently and just a trifle too school-boyishly, and that he himself was endowed with a voice and a laugh too juvenile and ingenuous for the very resourceful warrior which he evidently was. These are trifling details, but they do, none the less, stick in the ear of the listener and impede, however little, his co-operation in the make-believe. However, the more important fact remains that this was an excellent programme of its kind, thrilling and engrossing from start to finish.

'Beetles', on the other hand, was pure entertainment. Criticising it purely (but unfairly) as a broadcast about beetles, I would complain that it told us remarkably little about this immensely numerous species. It confined itself to two or three of its members and, moreover, used as its only authority that patient, jocular, lovable, but, I believe, not always orthodox old entomologist Fabre. But these beetle-crushing strictures are wide of the mark, for the truth is that this was a deft and delightful kickshaw whipped up from a tasty blend of fact and fancy, to which Antony Hopkins' musical sauce added a delicious piquancy.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

A Nut to Crack

THE SERIES OF PROGRAMMES devoted to the exposition and performance of Schönberg's music, which began last week in the Third Programme, is a challenge to criticism. It is a challenge which the Critic on this hearth, would have been in duty bound to take up, even if he had not listened with sympathy to Mr. Murrill's complaint about the obscurantist attitude adopted by the critics of the daily press towards the B.B.C.'s contribution to musical culture. This new series has evidently been prepared with more than usual thoroughness, and I look forward personally to arriving at a better understanding of this composer, whose music is the least attractive of all that has been written in our time. For I may confess that I have never found anything to like and much that I cannot pretend to understand in Schönberg's music. And in this I am in the company of Bruno Walter, to cite a musician who certainly began by being in sympathy with Schönberg, and who, in throwing up the sponge, wrote in all seriousness: 'I should be happy if in a future existence, in which I might have the benefit of superior organs of musical perception, I were able to ask [Schönberg's] forgiveness for my lack of understanding.'

Already in this first week a light has been shed upon the man, if not upon his music. I was inclined for a moment to dismiss Mr. Tippett's talk as an excursion into the higher falutin', impatiently interrupting with a demand to know what Schönberg was driving at and what the speaker thought of the result. But this was to ignore the purpose of the talk, which was but the introit to the mystery which is to be expounded during the coming months. Although I do not think Mr. Tippett succeeded in expressing lucidly some very difficult thought, his talk was an imaginative, not to say poetic, performance which did evoke the spiritual character of Schönberg's personality, even as Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones succeeded, despite a too hasty delivery and the not always intelligible statements of his Viennese witnesses, in establishing the physical background of the composer's early life.

It is easy to complain that there is nothing agreeable, let alone jolly, in Schönberg's music. But what was a Jew, born in miserable circumstances, a victim of neurosis which expressed itself in asthma, to be jolly about in Vienna, that hard-hearted stepmother of musical genius?



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And later came the persecution which drove him from Berlin, then from Vienna, and, finally, from Europe altogether. Schönberg, whom no responsible critic has ever regarded as other than a pure and incorruptible idealist, could not do other than express the unhappiness of his personal experience and of his age. He was not inhuman. The man who, besides evolving some even more complicated form of chess, played ping-pong all day, had his attractive side. And we have the evidence of his powers of fascina-

tion, his inexhaustible energy, and his enthusiasm from many witnesses who came under his hypnotic influence.

And the music? The Second Quartet is fairly familiar and makes some sense, but the 'Kammersymphonie' seemed as unintelligible as ever, a series of strident episodes without any observable coherence of design or style. If forty-year-old music still remains a closed book to a reasonably receptive and experienced listener, may we not, with the contrary example of 'Le

Sacre du Printemps' in mind, write it off as not worth further attempts to open? 'Erwartung', on the other hand, successfully portrays its *macabre* subject. Regarded as a musical translation of a horrible nightmare, it was justified by the result. It represents one phase of reality—a phase conveniently summed up in the name of Freud. But whether this limited phase can give rise to art of permanent value is a debatable question.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bach's 'Clavierübung'

By STANLEY GODMAN

The complete 'Clavierübung' will be broadcast in a series of programmes; the first two are given on Thursday, January 17, at 6.20 p.m., and Saturday, January 19, at 10.10 p.m. (Third)

WHEN Bach published his six Partitas in 1731 as the first volume of the 'Clavierübung' ('Keyboard Practice'), he was deliberately following the famous example of Kuhnau, his immediate predecessor at St. Thomas's whose 'Neue Clavierübung' of 1689 and 1696 had initiated a remarkable series of keyboard publications in Leipzig ('Neue' because he knew that Krieger had already completed the 'Anmutige Clavierübung' that did not appear until 1699). The fourth edition of Kuhnau's 'Clavierübung', Part II, appeared in the year in which Bach published his first Partita. It consisted of a series of Partitas or keyboard suites—again Bach adopted the name from Kuhnau—though the sensation was the epoch-making Sonata at the end of the second part. Johann Krieger's 'Clavierübung' was a series of twenty-five preludes, fugues, and other keyboard pieces (greatly prized by Handel) but he had also issued six Partitas in 1698, based on the established sequence of Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, and Gigue, and interspersed, like Bach's suites, with various *galanteries*—lighter French dances—put in, as he explained, 'to fill up space'.

Bach's Partitas, like those of his predecessor, were a notable success. 'They made a great noise in the musical world. Such excellent compositions for the harpsichord had never been seen or heard before' (Forkel). The opening movements are immensely varied. They range from the massive French Overture to No. 4, the equally impressive Italian Sinfonia which opens No. 2 and the great Toccata and Fugue in E minor (No. 6) to the more light-hearted Prélambule to No. 5. The basic four dances also receive astonishingly varied treatment. The Courantes fall into two distinct groups: excitingly French in Nos. 2 and 4; fluently Italian in the rest. There is an even more striking contrast between the gaily flowing duets which form the Allemandes in Nos. 1 and 2 and the stately ariosos in Nos. 3, 4, and 6. The Sarabandes also differ enormously. Professor Szabolcsi's recent suggestion that the influence of the Hungarian *verbunkos* (a recruiting dance) is evident in the A minor Sarabande may be based on 'thoughtless wishing' rather than scholarly acumen but some of the merry *galanteries* do strongly suggest a source in folk-music. The leaping tenths followed by running semiquavers in the Caprice in No. 2 recall the leaps and runs in the first solo passage in the Concerto in D minor for 2 violins; while the Rondeau in the same suite compares interestingly with its counterpart in the orchestral Suite in B minor. The keyboard example is much the livelier.

The second volume of the 'Clavierübung', issued in 1735, consists of a 'Concerto in the Italian style and an Overture in the French

manner for a harpsichord with two manuals'. The Italian Concerto is so well-known that it need not detain us here, except to underline the prescription given in the title. As an attempt to reproduce the contrast between soloists and orchestra it can receive justice only from a double harpsichord. It appears to have been a success in Bach's time. Even Scheibe, his most acrid critic, praised it as 'the perfect model of a well-designed solo concerto'. The French Overture has been unjustly neglected. Again, the use of the double harpsichord is imperative. The work is an imitation of the orchestral suite and follows Bach's own examples in omitting the Allemande and concentrating on the elegant *galanteries*. The charming 'Echo' at the end has a certain counterpart in the equally amusing 'Badinerie' which closes the B minor Suite.

The third part of the 'Clavierübung' (1739), consisting of 'Various Preludes on the Catechism and other Hymns for the Organ', includes the familiar 'St. Anne's' and 'Giant' fugues but otherwise it remains perhaps the least known of all Bach's works. Queen Charlotte possessed a manuscript copy of the whole volume but it was Samuel Wesley who started the English vogue of the two familiar fugues. The Prelude and Fugue in E flat which enclose the set of twenty-one chorale preludes are usually played together, although there is no warrant for this. Wesley wrote his own Introduction to the Fugue, bringing in the 'St. Anne' theme in the last six bars. Schönberg's orchestration of the pair does not seem to have caught on, though the concerto form of the Prelude makes it quite apt for orchestral treatment. In the Fugue Schönberg gives the first section to the woodwind, the second to the strings and the third mainly to the brass.

The chorale preludes more or less follow the order of the Lutheran Mass. Each chorale appears in two settings, one for full organ with pedals and one for manuals alone, corresponding to the Greater Catechism (for adults) and the Shorter (for children). There are also two settings of each of the three sections of the 'Kyrie'. The Trinity hymn 'Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr' is triplicated. To play the whole cycle at one sitting seems unreasonable. Professor Walcha's recent performance of the manual preludes in the morning and the major preludes in the evening of the same day was an admirable arrangement. If the technical difficulties of some of the great preludes ('Aus tiefer Not' has a double pedal part) are beyond many organists, there is no excuse for their neglect of the enchanting manual preludes which can also make a valuable addition to the repertoire of every Bach pianist. Perhaps the most delightful of all is the gay fughetta on the Ten Commandments. The six-part fugue on 'Aus tiefer Not'

is undoubtedly the 'glory of the Clavierübung', as Terry said. K. H. David's suggestion that the texture is more clearly revealed when the piece is played on strings, with men's voices singing the chorale in the sixth part, is worth considering—especially since organ performances are so rare. Whether the four *duetti* were intended to be played during the people's Communion, as has been suggested, seems more doubtful the more one hears them.

Forkel's account of the origin of the Goldberg Variations which Bach published as Part IV of the 'Clavierübung' is well known. The Russian ambassador who commissioned them to while away his sleepless nights does not appear to have appreciated 'the supreme importance of the unity of the work as a thing to be heard in its entirety' (Tovey) since, according to Forkel, he often used to say 'Dear Goldberg, do play me one of my Variations'. Burney's suggestion to Wesley: 'Suppose we perform ten each day' was equally wide of the mark. Tovey is right. The work must be seen as a perfect cycle; and it must be played on the double harpsichord for which it was intended, though two-piano versions (such as Wesley and Novello played to Dr. Burney) are a tolerable compromise. The cycle consists of ten groups of three variations apiece. The first is usually identifiable (even where Bach himself has left it without a title) as a particular mode of keyboard writing: variation ten is a fugue, sixteen a French overture, nineteen a minuet, and so on. The second is usually a piece of brilliant instrumental display, making increasing demands on the player as the cycle develops until at the end we seem to be in a world of Lisztian virtuosity. The third in every group is always a canon except the last of all which, instead of being the expected canon at the tenth, is a cheerful 'Quodlibet'.

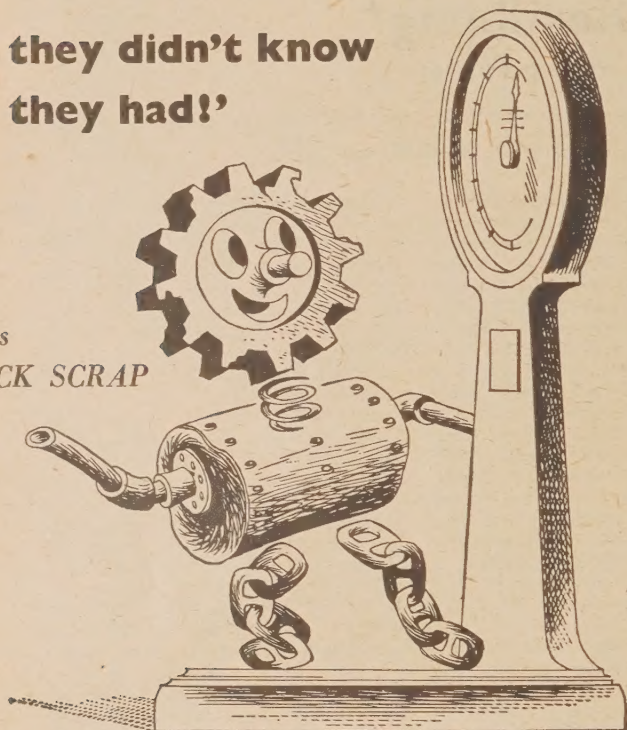
Two of the folksongs which appear in the mixture have been identified. Bach's last pupil, Kittel, passed on the words of their first lines to Poelchau who inscribed them on the last sheet of his copy. In 1944 Buxtehude's set of thirty-two Variations on 'La Capricciosa' was published for the first time. The theme turns out to be a Danish harvest song, 'Skjaere, skjaere, Havre, Hvem skal Havren binde?' which is still well known in Denmark and Norway and a variant of the 'Kraut und Rüben' tune which Bach uses in his 'Quodlibet'. It is not certain whether Bach knew the Buxtehude variations which foreshadow his own set but it is agreeable to think that the re-appearance of Buxtehude's theme was intended as a grateful remembrance of the master to whom he owed so much.

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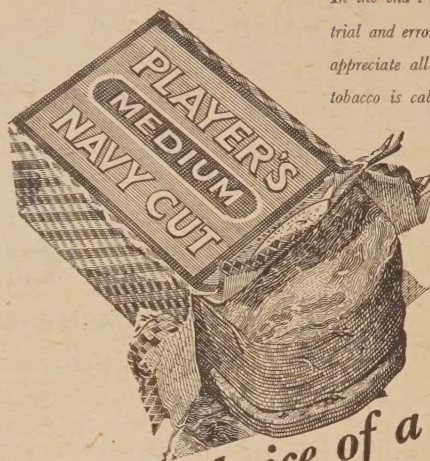
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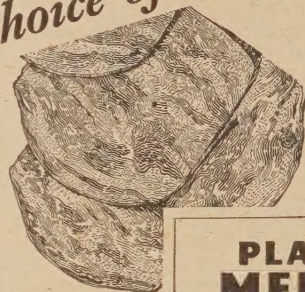
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[NGT 72]

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

Giving Food a Foreign Flavour

By ELISABETH BALCHIN

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK who has lost interest and become bored with cooking for the family? That is what I was until a few weeks ago. In the past year I had become very ready to take the line of least resistance over my cooking. Then I had an idea. It arose in the first place from some caustic comments by my daughter on the subject of macaroni cheese and the traditional fondness of Italians for macaroni. I decided to feed my family as far as possible in the Italian manner for a few days. I was ashamed that children of mine should think that rather-too-solid macaroni cheese, made English style and with too little cheese anyway, bore any relation to *pasta* in all its divers forms as served in Italy.

The experiment was an outstanding success. My ordinary grocer and the local delicatessen between them produced long macaroni and spaghetti (the short kind is fatal), vermicelli, and even freshly made ravioli. Every kind of cheese was available, of course, at a price. Green and black olives, gherkins, many kinds of sausage, smoked herrings, and various galantines were not outrageously expensive when bought in the very small quantities needed for hors d'oeuvres. (Hors d'oeuvres particularly pleased my children who had never started a meal in this way before.) I made a delicious meat sauce for the spaghetti from part of a tin of steak and some left-overs and seasonings.

Stuffed pancakes with cheese sauce were acclaimed: probably no Italian would have accepted them as his traditional dish, but they were recognisably of the same family and very good in themselves. Minestrone soup was very popular, and nothing in the world is cheaper

to make nor better for children when you have made it. Italy, however, was only the beginning of the game. The children clamoured for French cooking, and drew up an elaborate scheme which covered the cuisines of half the world. So far, I have attempted only Italian, French, and American food, but I am prepared to attempt a recognisably German, Spanish, Greek, or even Chinese meal, given plenty of time for thought and preparation.

The attempt to provide French food was really the most satisfactory of all. The old saying that while the Spanish cuisine is based on oil and the English on water the French is based on fresh butter is all too true, and is an insurmountable handicap with things as they are; but the remains of Sunday's mutton, put with a few vegetables, and a bouquet of herbs, into a good white sauce, and served with a sprinkling of parsley as a *blanquette d'agneau* still tastes very much better than stew. And with eggs again scarce, to serve them *en cocotte*, and *à la crème* with the top of the milk, seems to emphasise their occasional presence more than just poached, fried, or scrambled.

This way of playing with food has other advantages in family life. It seems a pity, somehow, not to serve French and Italian foods looking their best on a red- or blue-checked cloth; it certainly seems a pity not to serve French bread or rolls, and though English household bread is the best in the world, a change does no harm. It is only natural when eating what purports to be a French or Italian meal to remember and discuss other and much better meals eaten in these countries a long time ago. The children become interested, and acquire some 'menu'

French and Italian—even, perhaps, a little geography—and certainly an increased desire to see these countries and taste their food and drink their wine.

Some of Our Contributors

NOEL ANNAN (page 43): Lecturer in Economics and Politics, Cambridge University; author of *Leslie Stephen: His Thought and Character in Relation to his Time*

PIERRE FRÉDÉRIX (page 45): French journalist and author

DONALD McLACHLAN (page 46): an assistant editor of *The Economist*

RENATO GIORDANO (page 51): a Neapolitan and an independent liberal columnist; until recently leader-writer of the South Italian newspaper, *Il Mattino del Mezzogiorno*; accompanied Signor de Gasperi as a correspondent on his visit to America in 1951

A. TILNEY BASSETT, O.B.E. (page 53): Secretary to Gladstone Trustees, 1907-14; editor of *Gladstone to his Wife, Gladstone's Speeches*, etc.

DR. J. BRONOWSKI (page 54): scientist and mathematician; Director of the Central Research Establishment, National Coal Board; author of *The Common Sense of Science*, etc., and of the B.B.C. feature, 'The Face of Violence' (joint winner of the 1951 Italia Prize Contest)

RICHARD WOLLHEIM (page 64): Lecturer in Political Philosophy, University College, London

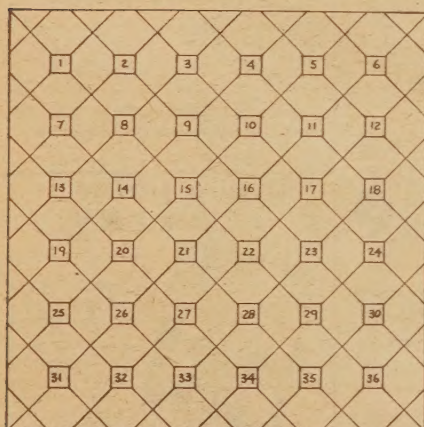
Crossword No. 1,132.

Closed Circuits.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 17



The clues all lead to words of five letters in which the first and fifth letters are the same. By placing the first four letters of each word at four points of the compass in their proper order and returning to the starting point, we close the circuit and are enabled to express a five-letter word by four letters only. Thus TRENT:

T
N R
E

All lights are to be entered clockwise.

The clues are given in groups of six (for each horizontal line), but are not arranged in numerical order.

It may help to know that the unlinked letters can be arranged as the letters of the following: GERRY NECTAR IS A V.C. OR IN R.N.V.R.

CLUES

Line 1: Chaucer's 'cook' amongst the 'tourists.' South Islands south.

'The fire that ... about her' (Yeats). Capital associated with gold. Asiatic palm (for nuts not tips). A cry in season—a calamity is involved.

Line 2: Babylonian and Egyptian gods combine to produce tailless amphibia. Swiss resort. Spenser's yearling hawks. Non-admission to motoring organisation makes her conspicuous. Jewish month. In a line of paladins the first falls out and the last two change places.

Line 3: Resort (not Swiss this time). A bewildered poet surrounded by 200 is not of much value. This veto usually ends in closing it. Continence loses a letter and though upset should now be clean. LISTENER crossword compiler is decapitated—but is still on the track. May be anything but 'arch'—though it usually denotes him.

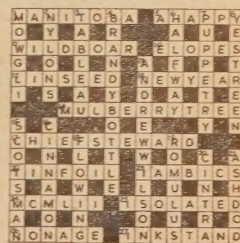
Line 4: Lack of inclination on French pupil's part. American vulture.

The gall of a fish served to remove his blindness. Pertaining to a 'thresher' and others of his kind. The last clue was almost vinegary—but this is in poorer taste. Do it to a syllable to get answer to 32.

Line 5: Give them π and they become simpletons. Kipling located her at Windsor—not in a bystreet. Pass the buck. Old name of gas emitted by radium. An Indian finance minister curtailed and given the head of a newspaperman. Largest of Madagascar's lemurs.

Line 6: A playwright loses weight and sounds like a German wine. 'In ... I have found treason' (speech to Parliament). There's atmosphere in this Scottish town. Ultimately the noble Spaniard becomes involved in an Indian town. Singular what women go mad about. Here you have the best of anything.

Solution of No. 1,130



Prizewinners:
1st prize: R. W. Killick (London, S.W.14); 2nd prize: J. Riley (London, S.E.12); Mrs. G. Claringbull (Potters Bar)

NOTES

1D. Mowgli and Romulus: both brought up by wolves. 11D. Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*. 12A. 'L' in seed. 14A. Silk-worm: 'Here we go round the mulberry bush'. 18D. Allan Cunningham's 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea'. 20D. 'Childe Harold'. 1. 18. 21D. Captured by General Tartan, see Isaiah. 20. 22A. Silver paper. 26A. Nonagenarian.

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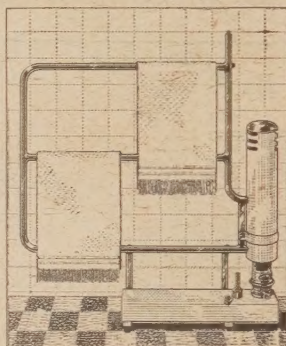
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